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PASSING AND GLASSING.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

All things that pass
Are woman's looking-glass;
They show her how her bloom must fade,
And she herself be laid
With withered roses in the shade:
With withered roses and the fallen peach,
Unlovely, out of reach
Of summer joy that was.

All things that pass
Are woman's tiring-glass:
The faded lavender is sweet,
Sweet the dead violet
Culled and laid by and cared for yet;
The dried-up violets and dried lavender
Still sweet, may comfort her,
Nor need she cry, Alas!

All things that pass
Are woman's looking-glass,
Being full of hope and fear, and still
Brimful of good or ill,
According to our work and will:
For there is nothing new beneath the sun,
Our doings have been done,
And that which shall be was.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER OWN DECEPTION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

SO the time slipped by quickly; and soon I was standing before the altar, with Mina by my side looking very pale and fragile, like a white lily in her pure white dress.

She was trembling and nervous too, although the tone of her low voice as she spoke the solemn words was very earnest and true.

Standing there at her side, I made a mental resolve, and sent up a swift petition for strength to keep that resolve, that the girl who was putting her happiness into my keeping should never repent her trust that, so far as lay in my power, I would keep her from all sorrow and suffering, and that never should she know that I did not love her.

The words were spoken which joined us together "till death do us part;" and if, as we left the church man and wife, and I put Mina into the carriage, the vision of a beautiful tortured face washed with tears rose before my eyes for a moment, I tried resolutely to send it from me and shut my eyes to its misery; and if, as I bent over Mina—my wife now—to answer a timid remark she made, another voice, low and broken, sounded in my ears, I would not listen to its plaint, although it said "Death could not be more bitter than such a parting as this!"

* * * * * *

"Have you any engagement for this evening, Ronald?" said my wife smiling at me across the breakfast-table one bright December morning seven months after our marriage.

"Why, Mina?" I asked, looking up from my letters, rather surprised at the question.

"Because this is the evening of Lady Balland's musical *soiree*; and, if you have nothing better to do, I should like to go."

"Are you up to it, dear?" I said dubiously. "Would it be prudent to go out in such cold weather as this?"

"Oh, yes! I will wrap up well, Ronald," she answered eagerly, "I know you will enjoy the music; and I am afraid——"

She hesitated, coloring a little.

"Afraid of what, Mina?"

"Afraid that people will say that handsome Ronald Stanley's poor sick wife is jealous, and does not allow him to go out as she can't go herself," she replied, with a little laugh.

"Foolish child! You know I never went out much and I enjoy my home-evenings far better than I could do any society."

"It is pleasant to hear you say that, Ronald," she said earnestly. "Is it not, mother?"

"Yes, dear," returned my mother gently. She was always very gentle and tender with Mina. I think she saw that she was not strong, for happiness had not made Mina a strong woman, although she had been since our marriage perfectly and entirely happy. Even her delicate health had not cast a shadow over her life. It was so pleasant to be petted and made much of, she would tell me laughingly, and she did not suffer at all, only from the debility which the physicians said was constitutional. Not that she was a confirmed invalid, only she could not walk far or endure any fatigue without suffering afterwards from great exhaustion.

"If you really care to go, Mina," I said doubtfully, "I am quite at your disposal."

"What a dutiful husband!" she laughed. "Come home early then," she added, as I prepared to start for Elm Walk. I had the old studio still, although I lived at South Kensington.

"'I shall not forget,' I answered rather absently. "Good-bye, mother. Good-bye Mina."

She stood on tip-toe to button my ulster, and drew my head down to hers for a kiss; then she released me and ran to the window to see me pass—foolish, tender little heart! I lifted my hat as I passed and smiled at her, and went on my way thinking sadly how little I deserved her love! And yet since our marriage, seven months ago, no suspicion had ever fallen upon the heart of tender, trusting Mina. She never dreamt there were courts in my heart she "could not enter—depths she could not sound." She never knew—she never should know—of that closed inner chamber where one memory was enshrined.

Since my marriage, Lady Juliet and I had never met. Whether it was by chance or purposely I cannot tell. I heard of her sometimes indirectly; but she was not in London last season, when her portrait made such a stir, and, while it increased the fame of her beauty, gave the painter a celebrity he was too heavy-hearted to appreciate then, but which had brought him since very substantial benefits. In the autumn a newspaper had informed me that the Earl of Dunmer and Lady Juliet Gilmore were abroad "for her ladyship's health;" and Eugene de la Ferte, in a letter from Florence, mentioned casually that he had seen the beautiful lady, that she looked older and graver, but lovelier than ever. As I drove over to Elm Walk, I gave myself up to the luxury of thinking of her, and wondering whether she was learning to forget.

My work, in which I now found the greatest pleasure of my life, called upon me that day. It was the picture of some children sheltering under a huge tree from a shower of rain; and I turned from the laughing, curly-headed urchins rather impatiently, dismissed by models, and, when the sound of their little feet and merry voices had ceased on the stairs, I lighted my pipe and paced up and down the studio restlessly, as I had done once before, on the day after I had seen her first, trying now as then to banish the haunting memory.

There, in the solitude of my studio, I went over our last meeting, our last parting; again I saw the lovely tearful face raised to mine, again I felt the clasp of the clinging hands. I saw the rosy blushes which my kisses had brought into her cheeks die away as I spoke those terrible words, to be replaced by the pallor and stillness of despair. Again the slender form trembled in my clasp, and the pathetic voice moaned out "It is very hard!" Again I saw light and life fade out of her face as she swooned away in my arms, and I felt the anguish of the renunciation and woe I had felt when I left her there, cold and still, her golden hair straying over the velvet cushions of her couch, and went out into the wind and rain.

It was folly and it was sin to think of all this; and, though I struggled against them, the thoughts came to me again and again. The studio was full of her presence, every incident of the one visit she had paid there was as clearly remembered as though it were yesterday.

I threw myself into a chair and tried to shut out the haunting presence by covering my face with my hands—as if I could that way or any other!

The short winter daylight died away, the early dusk set in, and I rose from my seat with a long low sigh.

The studio was dark and silent, the lamps were being lighted along the banks of the Thames, and I turned the key in the lock of my studio, and left the house.

Mina met me in the hall when I arrived home, looking very delicately pretty in her dress of dark velvet with pearl ornaments; and by-and-by, when I joined her in the drawing-room before dinner, she asked me how I had got on with my picture; she was sure I had been working very hard, I looked pale and tired.

Then came dinner and the short drive to Balland House, where the kindly mistress greeted us smilingly, and was pleased to see Mina.

"Mr. Stanley's wife is a star all the more prized because she shines so seldom," she said, with facile compliment.

I found a seat for Mina near some friends, and then was carried off by Sir James Balland to see a new picture which he had obtained possession of, and which he fondly hoped was a genuine "old master."

When we returned to the music-room the concert had begun: and Sir James and myself took up a position in the doorway.

I glanced over at Mina; she was looking pleased and animated, enjoying a lovely concerted piece which was going on.

I listened too, heedlessly enough, and fell into a reverie, from which I was aroused by the sound of a familiar name coupled with the words "lovelier than ever;" and, looking up with a start, I saw among the audience Lady Juliet Gilmore.

For a moment Lady Balland's music-room grew blurred and confused, the music sounded faint and distant, and I felt as if I must betray myself in my terrible agitation; then, the first bewilderment over, I was sufficiently calm to look at her, and to note the changes seven months had wrought in her face.

She was very pale and much thinner than of yore.

She smiled seldom, although she was talking to the guest of the evening—a foreign prince who was visiting England—and she did not look one whit elated at his evident admiration.

Suddenly she turned her eyes in my direction, and they met mine. She did not start or give any sign of emotion; but she grew still paler, and into the lustrous hazel eyes came a look of intense pain as she averted them from mine. I dared not trust myself to look again.

There was a pause between the pieces, and Mina made me a sign to come over and join her; there was a vacant seat by her side, which I took, and I sat down in silence.

"You are enjoying yourself, Mina?"

"So much, Ronald!" she answered brightly. "Do you know that Lady Juliet Gilmore is here? She does not look so beautiful as she is in your picture—rather sad and unhappy, I think. Ah, here comes Mr. Lewis; now we shall have a treat!"

She settled herself comfortably to listen, while the singer, a well-known English tenor, came forward to sing. The first verse of his song escaped me, the second reached me quite clearly, and one swift glance showed me that Juliet heard it too.

"When the song of thrush or linnet
Greets thee from the hawthorn bough,
Does the sad complaining in it
Wake thy soul to pity now?
For 'tis I, love, hov'ring near, love,
Whisp'ring of a broken vow,
For 'tis I, love, hov'ring near, love,
Whisp'ring of a broken vow.

"If regret some time assail thee,
For the days when first we met,
And thy weary spirit fail thee,
And thine eyes grow dim and wet,
Oh, 'tis I, love, at thy heart, love,
Murmuring 'How couldst thou forget?'"

"Look, Roland," said Mina suddenly, "Lady Juliet is going. I think she is ill."

"Perhaps; it is very warm here, Mina," I answered, rising restlessly. "Do not you find it so?"

"No, dear. Is anything wrong, Ronald?" she asked anxiously. "Does your head ache?"

"Yes, a little."

"Would you like to go home?" asked my wife softly.

"Oh, no!" I replied, seating myself. "It is nothing."

By-and-by—in how long or how short a time, I do not know—the concert was over, the party broke up, and Mina and I drove home together; and, if I was a little silent, my gentle little wife attributed it to the headache, and left me in peace.

* * * * * *

"They have been three such happy years, Ronald," said Mina softly.

Spring had come again, succeeding a long and unusually severe winter—the third spring which had visited us since Mina and I were married, and the last she would ever see on earth; the next would bloom for her in Heaven.

The doctors had given no hope; year by year, month by month, she had faded; and, though she had had every care and the best advice, we could not keep her with us. She would never again see the summer days brighten the earth, nor the roses bloom. The lilac was blossoming on a tree under her window; before the lilac faded she would be gone.

I was sitting in her bed-room; I never left her now. The dust was thick in the studio in Elm Walk, on the sketches and paintings, for I had not entered it for weeks. My heart was sore and heavy at the thought that my little wife was leaving me, that my life would no more possess that love which I had valued so lightly. The only consolation I had was to hear Mina tell me how happy she had been, how happy I had made her; and she dwelt on that happiness often—poor child!

She was dwelling on it now as she lay on her pillows, with my arm round her and her head on my shoulder; and she looked up at me with smiling happy eyes—eyes which looked so large in the white face, while her little hand lay on mine, light as a feather and soft as down.

"They have been such happy years, Ronald!" she said softly. "I want you always to think of that, dear; I want you to feel that you have made their happiness, that wife never had such a true, tender, patient husband as you have been to me, Ronald."

"Hush, dear!" I murmured. "You are paining me horribly."

She lifted the little frail hand on which the wedding-ring hung so loosely, and touched my face tenderly.

"I want to make you happy by-and-by," she went on. "When I am gone, Ronald, you will think of what I have said, and it will help you to bear the sorrow; for you will be a little sorry for your foolish wife, I think."

I put my lips to the little hand in silence.

"You have been so good," she continued gently, "so patient with me, Ronald; and I was never a fit wife for you, dear—you are so clever, so far above me—I know I was

not, darling, although you never let me feel it."

"I never felt it, Mina."

"Did you not, Ronald? Your love made you blind, my dearest. Mine was quick-sighted, and I knew it well; but I have something else to tell you, my husband."

Her head sank wearily on my shoulder, and her eyes closed.

"Do not talk any more now, dear child," I said earnestly. "You shall tell me another time."

"No; I must tell you now"—and she smiled. "There is no 'another time' for me, Ronald. I have only the present, but you have the future before you, my husband, and it is of that I want to speak. Put me back on the pillows, dear, and let me watch your face while I tell you all that is in my heart. No, you must not look so sad, Ronald. I am not afraid. Nay, but for you and dear mother, I should be glad to go. Listen, dear!" she went on steadily, with her hands in mine and the sunlight lingering tenderly on the unearthly beauty of her face. "By-and-by you must marry, not a silly, weak girl, but a bright beautiful woman who will be as sunshine to your home. No, do not interrupt me. When you are happy with her, you will remember that I wished it, and that often and often, lying here, I have prayed that Heaven would give you the happiness you so truly deserve. I was never fit for you," she continued faintly; "and, two years ago, Ronald, when our child came and dwelt such a short time with us, I felt, as I looked on the frail little life, that it would be well if I could be taken too."

"Mina, you break my heart!"

"But life has pleasant things in store for you," she said with a smile; "and baby and I will look down upon you from our happy home and rejoice in your gladness. And you must never think of us sadly, Ronald; you must promise me that. You must only think that you made my life here almost as happy as I shall be there—almost—even if not quite."

There was a long silence; then my mother came to the bedside and stood there silently.

Mina looked at her and smiled; then she closed her eyes, and we were very still.

"Will you lift me, Ronald?" she asked faintly, after a time. "I cannot breathe easily."

I lifted her in my arms and supported her on my breast.

Her breath came quickly and in gasps for a few moments; then, when the paroxysm was over, I put her back on the pillows, supporting her head on my arm.

"Mother," she said softly, "do you remember Adelaide Proctor's poem of Life and Death? Have you the book there? Get it and read it to me, please."

My mother obeyed; she was very pale, and her voice was unsteady.

Mina listened with a smile, but kept her eyes on my face as I bent over her.

"'What is Life, Father?'
'A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lances may fail,
Where the warliest eyes may be beguiled
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night;
And the tenderest little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight.'"

"You shielded me from the blows," said Mina's faint voice. "The battle is nearly over now, Ronald."

My mother went on tremulously—

"'What is Death, Father?'
'The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er—
The Angel of God who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Ends the din of the battle cease,
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace.'"

"Thank you, mother," said Mina faintly; and she turned on her pillow like a tired child, closed her eyes, and so fell into her last sleep with a smile upon her lips.

* * * * * *

After Mina's death I went abroad, and was absent for more than a year. The ostensible motive for my going was that my next picture of any size was to be an Egyptian interior, and the necessity for studying and sketching in the country itself was imperative. In my heart I know that that was not the chief reason; but that I wanted to overcome a restless fit which was upon me, and which possessed me wherever I was. I mourned for Mina very sincerely and truly, and it was some time before I realised that her death set me free, free to seek another wife, free to seek Lady Juliet Gilmore.

When the year was over, I turned my face homewards again, and in the month of September I found myself once more driving from Charing Cross to South Kensington, looking forward to my dear mother's greeting.

I found her little changed. She was as kind and as cheerful as of old, and, though perhaps a little quieter in her manner, the difference was but slight.

"You are looking well, Ronald," she said, when we were sitting together in the pleasant twilight. "Your travels have done you good. You look more like your old self."

"Do I, mother? That is well," I answered absently. "Have you any news for me, dear?"

"Not much," she said quietly. "I see that Lady Mayor has a little girl—her third child."

"Her third? How time passes!" And I rose and began to pace up and down the pretty drawing-room as if I were in my old studio in Elm Walk.

"Have you been to Elm Walk lately, mother?"

"I went yesterday to see that all was ready for you dear."

Suddenly my restless perambulation ceased, and I stopped before her.

"Mother," I said, and I myself could hear the prayer in my voice, "do you know if Lady Juliet Gilmore is still free?"

"She is Lady Juliet Gilmore still," she answered with a smile, although her eyes were wet.

"Is she in London?"

"No; at Dunmer."

No more was said then; but, when we separated for the night, I said wistfully—

"Mother, do you think there is any hope for me?"

"Why not?" she answered softly. "Write to her and see. Ronald, do you remember the story you told me on the morning of your wedding-day? It is likely that such love as she showed you then is dead?"

"I will write."

The next morning I went over to Elm Walk, and there, in the old studio, where I had known some of the bitterest and some of the happiest hours of my life, I wrote to Lady Juliet.

I told her that my love for her was true and deep and steadfast as it ever was, that separation had not lessened, that time had not weakened my affection for her. I told her of poor Mina's last wishes for my happiness and that of the woman who should be my future wife; I plead with her that, as far as I could, I had fulfilled her own wishes and made my cousin happy in her married life; and I asked her if I might go and plead my cause in person. I asked her that, if the love that she once bore me had died out—which well it might in these long years—not to let her answer be swayed by any feeling of pity which might be in her heart for me, but to tell me frankly that she loved me no longer; it would save us both pain in the end.

"Whatever your answer may be," I said in conclusion, "I would rather never see your face again than know that you only accepted me through pity."

After I had sent the letter the hours passed heavily and drearily; and when, as quickly as post could bring it, the answer came to me, my fingers trembled so that I could scarcely break the seal; and my eyes were so dim that I could hardly distinguish the few words written there. Three words only and her name "Juliet" beneath; but that was enough, for she had written "Come to me," and I could guess the rest.

* * * * * * *

My husband says that he can guess what was in my heart when I wrote those three little words which brought him to me; but I think that even he can scarcely fathom the thanksgiving which went up to Heaven for giving me what I had never dared to expect.

We do not love each other less for that long separation; and the waters of Marah through which we passed then have made those pleasant waters yet more sweet.

And, if ever I am tempted to grieve over those bitter words that I spoke so hastily and falsely, I think of the happy years they purchased for Mina which would otherwise not have been hers; so that "out of evil good came," and daily we learn better and better that "all things are working for our good."

We are very happy, both at Dunmer, where papa has grown to look upon Ronald as his own son, and where our little Roger rules his grandfather like a small tyrant, and in London, where we go sometimes and stay a few weeks, Ronald and I spend long happy hours in the old house in Elm Walk which we both love.

And in our happiness Mina is not forgotten; and sometimes my eyes fill with happy tears when I see Ronald with our little golden-haired daughter, whom he cares for, I think, even more than he does for our boy; and I know that he does not love her less because her name is Mina.

The dear mother at South Kensington is happy too; she has quite forgiven me the pain I gave her son long ago; and once, when I was trying to tell her something of what I had suffered during those long lonely years, she said, smiling—

"It has done neither of you any harm, Juliet;

"'For as gold is tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain.'"

And she added softly—

"I think both you and Ronald have reason

"'To bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain.'"

[THE END.

NURSING WRONGS.—A man strikes me with a sword and inflicts a wound. Suppose instead of binding up the wound I am showing it to everybody; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound and causing it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world that would not call me a fool? Now, such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little injuries or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better it would be to put a bandage over the wound and never look at it again? M. S.

"I DECLARE, if there isn't the deacon's daughter on with a brand new shawl. Well, I never." "Hush!" said a better informed female; "'tisn't hers. It's one she borrowed from the company that's visiting over to the deacon's." "Well, there's one thing I know. She can't depend on borrowing to look well in heaven. She'll have to wear her own angel plumage when she gets there." And they bowed their heads as the minister opened the services.

The roar of Niagara is pitched in a Falls key

Sharley's Choice.

BY M. E. A.

THE golden glory of the afternoon sun streamed through the uncurtained windows of the little red school-house, set like a jewel in its grove of chestnut trees, revealing it in all its hideousness of cracked and disfigured walls and ink-stained desks, thick with the dust of the summer vacation, and kissed lovingly the fair faces of the two ladies—its only occupants.

One was pretty, smiling Mrs. Parker, who looked the very ideal of a bright, winsome country matron, in her fresh gingham dress and dainty ribbons.

Her companion, whose dress and bearing betrayed the city belle, looked strangely out of place in the dim old school-room.

She was the very opposite of her friend, with a dark, proud face, clear, olive complexion, and great wistful black eyes and with the stamp of culture and refinement on every tone and movement.

"How little it has all changed," she was saying. "It seems so long out in the restless, hurrying, world, but here it might have been but yesterday that you and I sat at this very desk and teased poor Mr. Simpson, flirted with Will and Fred, and studied a little at intervals when we could not very well do otherwise."

"We are not a very progressive people, you know," replied Mrs. Parker, laughingly. "I believe there was some attempt made to have the place renovated, but it was voted down, on the principle, I suppose, that what was good enough for the father is good enough for the son. It is the first time I have been here in a long time."

"I should imagine you would often come for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

"Oh! you know I have the best part of the old school-house with me. I am afraid that for me the romance vanished when Will left it. I know I was not sorry when the time came for me to go also."

"To think of Will aspiring to the dignity of an M.D. Do he and Fred Lyle still emulate Damon and Pythias?"

"Oh! yes, Fred is the only rival I have. If it were anyone but he, I verily believe I should be jealous. But come, Sharley, the sun is getting low, Will will be home, and he does not like to find me out. Perhaps Fred will come with him; he will be anxious to meet you, I am sure. See, Sharley," she continued as she paused at a battered desk. "Here is the bench those incorrigible boys occupied. Our names were cut here; I wonder if we can find them among all these later hieroglyphics."

She carefully dusted the desk, and at length succeeded in tracing the well-known characters, "Laura" and "Sharley," carved out by boyish hands long ago. Sharley looked down at them with a sudden contraction of her white brow.

"Dear old desk," she said softly. "I wish I could take it with me when I go. I would value it more than the rarest cabinet in my aunt's drawing-room.

"Ah! Aunt Ashbrook, were you quite your worldly-wise self, when you consented that this girl, with her warm, loving heart, under the hard crust of worldliness, which you moulded with such care, should come to the old home, with its thronging memories to consider that proposal which is to crown your ambitious schemes with success, but sacrifice her bright womanhood on the altar of Mammon?

A stalwart figure stood beside Doctor Parker awaiting their coming at the gate of Laura's pretty home, in whom Sharley had no difficulty in recognizing her old friend.

He greeted her with the frank, kindly smile she remembered so well in the old time.

But she felt that the gay, careless boy of those days was gone, and in his stead was a strong, brave man, with nature's own stamp of royalty upon his brow.

They sat long on the vine-wreathed piazza that evening, talking of old friends and the changes that the years had wrought; and as Sharley Ashbrook sat between Laura and her husband, watching the handsome face opposite, and listening to the low, musical voice that once possessed the power to thrill her, as none other had since, the later days of worldly pleasure and dissipation seemed a dream, and she knew that the better part was here, and here was the rightful master of her fate and her heart.

She thought it all out in her room that night.

She needed no words to tell her that Fred Lyle had not forgotten.

The softening of his voice when he addressed her, the warm, close clasp of his hand at parting told a story which she, a woman of the world, accustomed to men's homage, was quick to understand.

But in sharp contrast to Fred's frank, earnest face, stood that other, so many years her senior, with his cold blue eyes and sneering smile.

She knew there was no love in Nathan Baird's heart for her; that he was utterly incapable of love in its truest and best sense; that he wanted a mistress for his splendid mansion, and had chosen her as he would have chosen a piece of furniture, because her beauty pleased his eye, and he knew she would reign acceptable there in her stately way.

Yet, knowing all this, she had resolved to accept him.

She coveted the wealth and power which such a marriage would bring her, and she felt that she owed it to her aunt, who, since her father's death, had spared nothing which could contribute to her happiness and welfare, to accede to this, the dearest wish of her life.

She had never felt the hardship of all this before, but to-night the sound of Fred Lyle's voice had aroused the better nature which had slumbered so long, and her woman's heart plead strongly for her girlhood's lover.

The barricades of pride and ambition were built high and strong, and the struggle was a bitter one, but when she blew out her candle in the cold gray dawn, she had quite decided.

Perhaps had she been wise, or a merciful woman, she would have found an excuse to cut short her visit and have gone back at once to her city home to give Nathan Baird the answer for which he waited; but she was confident in her own strength, and she had never been one to spare any man a pang when her vanity and love of conquest was at stake.

It seemed a new Arcadia in the golden summer days which followed.

Not even in Sharley's dreams of her old home had the sky seemed so blue, the air so balmy, or the snowy tassels of the chestnut trees so full of subtle fragrance.

She saw a great deal of Fred in those days.

He was always by her side in the long walks when she went to re-visit the haunts of her childhood; and as day by day she came to understand better the deep, strong nature of the man, her heart went out to him with a great love which not even the strong leash of pride and ambition could wholly keep in check.

At length the time came when she knew there must be an end to all this, and in obedience to an imperative summons from her aunt she prepared to return to her home.

Laura begged her to remain for the children's picnic which was to take place a few days later, and she consented, glad of any excuse for lingering, though her better judgment bade her go at once.

It was a perfect day, bright with the radiance of midsummer, and when the well-worn speeches had been aired, and the customary hymns sung in treble chorus, more shrill than musical, Fred, who had accidentally dropped in, begged Sharley to come with him for a walk and so escape the inundation of gingerbread and lemonade which loomed in the near future.

Something in his face told her what was coming, and she tried to induce Mrs. Parker to accompany them, but her thoughts were concentrated upon her own particular portion of the treble chorus and she peremptorily refused.

And so they wandered away together, through the green arches of the wood, and Sharley felt, even while she steeled her heart to say the words which would be such a cruel blow to his honest, kindly heart, that to walk all her life through the storm and the sunshine by Fred Lyle's side were indeed to be blest.

They talked of indifferent topics, of the things the great world was talking of and Sharley wondered, as she often had before, how he found time, in his busy, active life, to keep so well abreast with all that was new in science and literature.

"You are to leave us soon, Sharley?" he said at length, with a quiver in his voice he could not wholly suppress.

"Yes. I have far exceeded my leave of absence. I have been so happy here. I have so much to thank you all for in not forgetting me in all these years."

"I should forget so much if I forget you. Oh! Sharley, I should forget all that is best and truest in my life; the one love which has nerved my arm all these years. Sharley, my love, I have waited for you so long. Will you come?"

He held out his arms with eyes eloquent, with love and pleading, and a great longing came over her to seek there the peace and happiness she knew all the world beside could not give her; but though her face blanched and she was dizzy with the pain and struggle, she was firm in her resolve, and answered in a voice which gave no token of her anguish.

"I am very, very sorry, Fred but I cannot."

"Sharley, you do not mean this; you do not love me; you have never loved me!"

"Oh, Fred! forgive me."

He stood looking down at her for a moment as though dazed by the blow, and his face looked worn and haggard all at once, as though ten years were added to his life, and then said in a low, stern voice—

"You are quite sure of this, Sharley, quite sure of your own feelings?"

"Quite sure," she said, but her eyes did not meet his, and her whole form was quivering with suppressed emotion.

"Pardon me, Sharley, do you think you can find your way back? I do not think I can meet all those people now; I should like to be alone."

"Yes; but oh, Fred! you have not told me that you forgive me. I have acted wrongly and foolishly; I see it now. Do not let me spoil your life! Forget me—I am not worthy of one thought of your noble heart; how unworthy you will never know."

"Do not talk to me of forgetting," he commenced, passionately, and then added more gently, "I do not think I shall ever forget you, dear, I am not very changeable. It is not as though it was a thing of to-day, or yesterday. There has never been a moment of my life, since you were a tiny child, that I have not held you dearer than all the world beside."

He took her hands and looked wistfully, sorrowfully down into her face. "There is absolutely no hope for me, Sharley?"

"Oh, Fred! do not ask me."

"Well, well, little girl, do not worry; I dare say I shall pull through it somehow." But a sudden break in his voice told what a desperate pull it would be. He raised her hands to his lips and she felt a great tear fall upon them. And then he was gone, and

she was alone with a miserable pain at her heart, and the way stretching long and dreary before her; but she was free, quite free to say "yes" to Nathan Baird, and accept the position for which she had bartered so much.

"Where is Fred?" was Mrs. Parker's greeting, when she joined her half an hour later.

"He left me to go to the village. He had some business there, I think," replied Sharley, with a nervous tremor in her voice, and turning away to avoid her friend's sharp scrutiny.

"Oh, Sharley! what have you done?"

"One might suppose by your tragic air, that you suspect me of murdering him and secreting his body in the wood," she replied, with a sharp ring of pain underlying the pettishness of her words.

And so the spacious castle Mrs. Parker had been rearing with such careful hands all those bright summer days came tumbling down, and in its ruins was buried much of her old affection for this girl whom she felt had acted so cruel a part.

The remainder of the afternoon was like a dream to Sharley.

She had a vague consciousness of joining madly in the children's games, of turning rope until her arms ached, of being caressed by sticky little hands and receiving innumerable kisses strongly flavored with gingerbread.

At length she could bear it no longer and whispered to Laura:

"If you will excuse me, I think I will walk to the post-office. I will meet you at home."

"As you please, dear," said Mrs Parker coldly.

There was a letter awaiting her at the post-office, and the simpering clerk presented it with a bow, which was quite lost upon the white-faced girl.

She felt no desire to open it.

She knew the writing, so like the man, with its hard angles and precise down strokes.

"Miss Charlotte Ashbrook," she said peevishly. "He knows I detest that name. He writes it so purposely, to vex me."

She went wearily out into the still evening. The cool air felt grateful to her feverish brow; but the beauty had all faded from the landscape, and the joyous song of a bird above her head struck upon her ear like a discord.

She walked slowly on until she came to the school-house and then paused; while the chestnuts showered their fragrant snow upon her, and as old memories came trooping back from the past her woman's heart spoke above the voice of pride and the hot tears came surging up to her aching eyes.

The door of the school-house stood ajar, and a sudden impulse seized her to go in and say a last good-bye; for she knew that the life before her lay far apart from the old school-house.

She pushed the door open and went in and then started back in a sudden panic.

She was not alone; for sitting at the little desk she had so often occupied, his head bowed down before him, a strong man wrestled with the great disappointment of his life.

It was here he had come to fight it down; to the spot hallowed to him for all time by memories of her.

She knew he would conquer and rise, a stronger better man for that conflict.

"But what of her?" and as she asked herself the question a bitter sense of shame and humiliation sent the blood crimson to her cheek.

There was a swift, strong battle, in which all the good and evil in the girl's nature seemed in arms. Then tearing the letter she held in her hand in a thousand pieces and casting it from her as she did the pride and ambition which had almost made shipwreck of her life, she went quickly to his side.

He did not hear until she was close beside him, her hand on his arm, and her breath warm upon his cheek.

"Fred," she said softly, "I have been false to you, and false to my own soul. Can you forgive me?"

Forgive her! What was there he would not have forgiven her with those sweet tear-wet eyes looking shyly into his and as he drew her to him, with a glad surprise chasing the cloud from his face.

She knew she had chosen wisely and that love was best.

How to Spoil a Husband.—Vow vengeance on all his relations. Pay no attention to household expenses. Make a fuss about cigar smoke in the house. Give as much as he can earn in a month for a new bonnet. Tell him as plainly as you can you married him for a living. Raise a row if he dares to bow politely to a lady friend. Tell him the children inherit all their mean traits of character from his side of the family. Keep the parlor for company and not let him put his foot in it. Provide any sort of a picked up meal when you don't expect strangers. Get everything the next door woman gets, whether you can afford it or not. Let it out some time when you are quite mad that you wished you had married some other fellow you used to go with.

When he gives you ten dollars to lay aside for a "sore foot," give it to the first peddler that comes along for a pair of plaster of Paris vases. Give him to understand, as soon as possible after the honeymoon, that kissing is well enough for spoony lovers, but that for married folks it is confoundedly silly.

A stampede of young men from the West may be looked for. A troop of Boston damsels have gone thither husband hunting.

"Eulalie."

BY CAROLINE CHESNRO'.

STEADILY the rain beat against the casement, and the wind, hushed to a soft, sighing sound, made mournful melody with it and the plaintive river-song, to the ear of Augustine Vere, as he sat, long after it grew dark, by his study-window, watching the lightning which flashed so continually across the heavens.

Mr. Vere should not have remained alone on such a dreary evening, you say; he should have been reading or chatting with his wife—he should have given the twilight that was just past to telling his children fairy-tales.

Alas! poor man, he had neither wife nor child in the world; he was a widower, and little Grace, his only daughter, died long ago.

Such thoughts as, I suppose, never trouble married men and fathers, had been for days tormenting him, suggested by a miserable croaker in living form—it came in the shape of a chattering owl, which, with its eternal "Tu whoo? Tu whoo?" had haunted him day in and out till the victim began to grow desperate.

That afternoon that was just past the great gray thing had perched on the eave-trough just above the library window, piping its voice once more to that monotonous tune, which, till the rain began, it gave no token or intention of bringing to a close. But it was not on account of any

"Loved and lost Lenore,"

that the creature came with that reproachful interrogative, that melancholy "to who? to who?" reminding Mr. Vere of all that had gone away from his embrace down to the grave; farther back than that page of his "Heart-book," on which the names of his dead wife and child were written, his memory went; his thoughts circled around another one whom he had deserted in the loveliness of her youth and the helplessness of her orphanage—and the remembrance of her was a grevious reproach to him.

But it was strange; something very like a tear fell on the printed leaf of the book before him as Mr. Vere pushed it away from him: and much in the manner of one inspired, he drew his writing materials towards him, and dashed off the following letter:

"The importunate whisperings of a voice in my soul impel me to write to you, 'Eulalie.'

"I have a confession to make a reconciliation to crave.

"I see in that past a record of my wretched mistake, my miserable misdoing; and believe me, they have worked on me their unhappy results to this hour."

"I have lived till of late, 'Eulalie,' in my own shadow.

"I have lived behind myself; how else can I interpret that extreme carelessness which robbed me of the best good that was ever in my grasping? How else can I account for it, that I am alone and solitary—unblessed, unblessing? That you, whom I loved devoutly, are not here to make a fiction of such words as I am writing?

"The vow of our youth, it is my shame and disgrace that we did not fulfil it—its repetition was our last uttered word in parting—what followed? Oh, Eulalie! self-reproach! self-reproach! I cannot waive it.

"Perhaps you have lived to rejoice that I proved false and fickle—a fool. I do not offer my love anew. I only pray you, answer me."

There was no more hooting of the owl that night; but the bird only hesitated, paused in its duty, on account of the rain. Day by day, for the succeeding three months of summer, as it had been during all the spring, it continued a frequent visitor at the cottage-eaves; and nothing prevented its coming to a speedy death but the superstitious idea which haunted Mr. Vere, that listening to the creature was but a part of the penalty he was condemned to pay for the transgressions of his youth.

In the autumn came this letter to him.

"My Dear Augustine:—Your letter, three months old, is lying open before me; I have only to plead an unusual pressure of duty as my reason for so long delaying to answer it. Will you pardon me? for, indeed, I have had you often in my thought, and have *longed* to convince you how truly I am your friend.

"Go with me for a moment to the past. It is by no flowery path I lead you back. I was seventeen years old then. You were very little older. You remember we had met but a few times, yet in our youthful zeal we ventured to take the vows of faithfulness till death came to us. We counted on nothing but our own power of constancy—and so were betrothed.

"It was foolish—we knew so little of each other. Accident parted us. During three years, I think, our engagement remained firm.

"I am writing of these things as they seem to a woman—honestly, as they seem to me now. It costs me more of a struggle to go back again to the past myself, in my own spirit, as it was mine when young, to tell you how the sudden tidings of your marriage came to the deserted girl. Yet I feel strong to do it; and neither you nor I, I trust, are violating *any* duty in speaking thus together of an event so long gone by.

"My recovery from that shock was sudden and strange. I recollect it well. Even while I was weeping and lamenting most bitterly, a revulsion came over me; it was not pride, nor hate for you, but shame and contempt for myself, that I could suffer *any* disappointment to so overwhelm me. Then I deliberately battled with myself, till my reason conquered my griefs, and I was free from them again.

"I heard of you though, in other ways, and, believe me, I was glad to learn that you were married to a good and lovely woman, and that yours was a happy home. If you ask me—are you happy? I could answer you at once, yes; I am content with my lot—I could not wish it otherwise. Were I *not* happy, content, I would scarcely dare ask you and yours to come here. I should rear another awakening of old memories than that which your letter has caused. *Will you not come here?*"

And to this he answered—

"I have for years lived alone—God took her from the earth whom I suffered to come between yourself and me. She was a glorious, a beautiful woman; a blessing while she lived—an angel long before she died. If I *knew* what I believe, that she is my guardian angel, and was aware of all my thought for you, I would not shrink before such knowledge—she would rejoice to know it, if I could make reparation, in any shape, for that sin of my youth. Will you suffer me to come to you with such thoughts—will your kindness receive, your compassion refrain from condemnation? will your *love* await me?

"I am waiting your answer, 'Eulalie'—oh, think how it is I wait."

There was reparation such as the deserted orphan in her bitterest sorrow could not have wished, visited on Augustine Vere in the answer which he speedily received to his appealing note.

"I am distressed beyond measure—I cannot forgive myself—am astonished, annoyed I would say, but the word expresses too lightly the real grief that I feel in reading your letter, Augustine.

"Did you think me still a lover? Do you mean it when you say that you have ventured your future happiness in a thought of *me*? I deplore this fatal eventuation—God help us!

"I have friendship that I can give you, faithful, pure, and good, as one human being ever offered to another, I have love even for you—but I am bound by other ties as well.

"Is it possible that you do not know I am a wife—a mother? It is four years since I married.

"When your first letter came to me, trusting to your own and my integrity, I was *glad* to hear from you, glad that you thought my friendship worth the asking—I did not imagine till the letter came which has so troubled me, that you had other thoughts than of reconcilement.

"My friend, I have but one prayer now to offer for you. Be a dreamer no longer, arouse and act! Come into the world, come *here* if you will; I shall be glad to see you and proud to show you my husband and children.

"I long to know of you as taking that place among honored men which you are justified in occupying.

"I *long* to see you; I can say what I will not write, for I must not render my words liable to misconstruction—come, and I will speak, knowing well that spirits undefiled and pure listen.

"We are children no longer, we are laborers in one vineyard, are we not?

"We can assist one another in our work, can counsel and guide. You must not waste any more of your years. There is work to be done! Fail you not!"

He read these words with tears, but he obeyed their bidding. Every line of that letter pierced his soul—and the hooting owl almost maddened him with its "to—who"—but the sickness of his heart had passed, he lifted up his spirit, weak though it was with remorse an vain regret, and he grew strong again.

* * * * *

After all "Eulalie" died first, and of a broken heart! Not love-broken was it, the affections of her nature never panted for better gods of earth than were given her in her own home, her children and her husband were enough. But the world, the coward, soulless world, saw her in the strength of her purity, extending a friendly and directing hand to Augustine Vere—saw her, as it seemed, guiding and leading him, who needed such a counselor as she proved, and then a voice of scandal rose. And the whisper gathered strength and force, and went out abroad into the world, and smiling lips repeated it, and hard hearts lent it credence, till it came back at last in all its terrible exaggeration, its awful falsity, with a thunder tone to Eulalie. Then she died!

Would that the grim, gray owl might haunt forever the homes of those whose poisoned arrow found her gentle heart! Would that a jot of the tender sympathy, the holy tenderness that made her life so precious to the dear "hearts of home," might fall on them, (an unwonted blessing it would prove,) teaching them that gratitude and love, instead of "envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," were due

"*They* know to whom! to whom!"

Sentinel Dogs.—A curious experiment is being tried in several corps of the Russian army. This consists in the introduction of dogs instead of men as sentries. For this duty the wolf dog of the Ural Mountains is found most suitable, as this animal will growl at the presence of an intruder instead of barking outright, and thus inciting all the dogs in camp to do likewise.

From Witteman Bros., 45 Murray street, New York, we have received a timely and neat little album of pictures entitled "Centennial Album of Yorktown and Richmond, Va." The views, which number twelve, are all of spots and objects of high historic interest, and just at present is a welcome souvenir. Prettily bound in red. Price 50 cents.

Bric-a-Brac.

A Wonderful Clock.—There is a clock in the Crystal Palace, London which tells the hour of the day or night in every part of the world, in exact correspondence one with the other.

Birds Carrying Birds.—The small birds that are unable to fly the 350 miles across the Mediterranean Sea are carried over on the backs of cranes. When the first cold weather comes the cranes fly low, making a peculiar cry. Little birds of every species fly up to them, while the twittering of those already settled may be distinctly heard. But for this provision many species of small birds would become extinct.

Draining a Sea.—In 1875 the Dutch government decided to drain the Zuyder Zee. The plans and estimates for this colossal undertaking have been made. The work will occupy ten years and cost nearly 80,000,000 francs. In 1282 the Zuyder Zee was only a lake, but an inundation from the ocean turned it into an immense gulf. In this inundation seventy-two towns were destroyed and 100,000 persons drowned. The strip of land which separated the lake from the sea then disappeared.

Punctuation.—Punctuation is an art: and one that has been learned in comparatively modern times. The Greeks did not know the meaning of it, and left no space between their words. The Romans put up a kind of division without any apparent method. Up to the end of the fifteenth century only the colon and the comma were introduced, and the latter at that time only as a perpendicular figure. We are indebted to Aldus Manutius, an eminent printer, for the comma as we have it now and in 1490 he introduced the semi-colon into printing, and published a set of rules for the guidance of writers. It is not known by whom notes of interrogation or exclamation were first used.

The Pulse's Speed.—The average frequency per minute of the pulse is approximately indicated by the following table: Pulse in the newly-born infant, 130 to 140; pulse during first year, 115 to 130; pulse during second year, 100 to 115; pulse during third year, 95 to 105; pulse during 7th to 14 year, 80 to 90; pulse during 14th to 21st year, 75 to 85; pulse during 21st to 60th year, 70 to 75; in old age, 75 to 80. In inflammatory or acute diseases the pulse may rise to 120 or even 160 in the adult, and become so frequent in the child that it cannot be counted. Muscular exertion, mental excitement, indigestion, alcoholic drink and elevation above the sea level accelerate the pulse, and as a rule it is more frequent in the morning than in the evening. It is slower in sleep, and from the effect of rest, diet, cold, or bloodletting. The pulse of a grown woman exceeds that of a man of the same age as much as ten or fourteen beats a minute.

Alphabet of Proverbs.—A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft. Boasters are cousins to liars. Confession of a fault makes half amends. Denying a fault doubles it. Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself. Foolish fear doubles danger. God reacheth us good things by our own hands. He has worked hard who has nothing to do. It cost me more to revenge wrongs then to bear them. Knavery is the worst trade. Learning makes a man fit company for himself. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it. One hour to-day is two to-morrow. Proud looks make foul work in fair faces. Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep. Richest is he that wants least. Some faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater. Boughs that bear most hang lowest. Upright walking is sure walking. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. Wise men make more opportunities than they find. You will never lose by doing a good turn. Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

The Chameleon.—In a lecture at the London Zoological Garden some curious things were told of the chameleon. His eyes move with complete independence of each other: one may be directed upward and forward, while the other may gaze downward and backward. Each foot is practically a pair of pincers, and the chameleon is the most thoroughly arboreal animal in existence. But its tongue is a wonderful organ, six or seven inches long, with a cup-like depression at the tip. Then the chameleon's mouth may be observed to open and the apex of the tongue to protrude. In an instant it has shut again and a fly has disappeared. In fact the chameleon has spit out, as it were, its enormously extensible tongue upon the insect, secured it by the viscid secretion with which the tongue is coated, and again withdrawn that organ, together with the prey, but the whole has been effected with such amazing rapidity that the observer's eye cannot follow the movements of the reptile's tongue. It is projected and withdrawn without the slightest noise, but in the twinkling of an eye. The chameleon lives largely on flies, and at first sight it would seem impossible that so apparently torpid and sluggish an animal should be able to reach and seize creatures not only active in their movements, but possessing the power of flight. It is this tongue which is, as it were, the centre of the chameleon's organization, and this tongue-movement is the very essence of its existence, and is its reason for living. Without it the animal's life would be impossible, while the very slowness and deliberation of its other movements are a gain, since they enable the chameleon to advance upon its prey within shooting distance without alarming it.

WHEN FIELDS WERE GREEN.

BY W. WILKINS.

When fields were green, and skies were clear,
And bluebells paved the woods of spring,
I weighed the world against her tear,
And found her tear the dearest thing.

But while I followed gain and fame,
And in the great world played my part,
I changed; but she remained the same,
And now I think it broke her heart.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE day had come, the mournful ceremony was over, and the last of the Ardens was consigned to the tomb of his ancestors.

The procession returned. The humbler portion adjourned to the servants' hall, to receive, in sad and silent decorum, the refreshments that were provided for them; and the few guests of higher degree were assembled in the library.

The usual ceremonial was observed.

The gentlemen were seated at the table, the lawyer at the head, with the documents before him, and near the window, between that and the table, was a small couch, as yet empty.

There was a short pause; then the door opened, and Avice Merton and Hilda entered.

Very charming did the young girl look in her deep mourning.

Her fair skin, somewhat more delicate than usual, her dark eyes, her golden hair, and the saddened expression of her mouth, were all seen to unusual advantage in the sable garb that she wore.

The more matured Avice was by no means less advantageously seen in the sad, yet becoming, habiliments of woe.

Her skin was clear for her rather debatable age; her hair still abundant, and of a light brown; and her features were by no means unpleasing.

Avice was indeed one of those women who are handsomer at thirty-five than twenty-five, perhaps because they are more agreeable and pleasing; and on the present occasion her face was lighted up with either excitement or triumph—none could tell which—that appeared to be unconcealable as well as brilliant.

Her cheeks were somewhat changeful—sometimes crimson, sometimes ashy-pale; her lips compressed. But her eyes! ah, they could not be controlled in their expression.

Her look was understood by one, and afterwards remembered by all the spectators of the scene.

The ladies being seated on the couch, Mr. Travers began to read the will.

It was rather lengthy, and gave different bequests to servants; to his dearest sister ten thousand pounds, to Avice Merton five thousand, to his lawyer and doctor one thousand each, and to Hilda, known as Hilda Arden, his dearly beloved adopted daughter and ward, the sum of fifteen thousand pounds on her attaining the age of twenty-one, with the interest of one-half the sum from the time she was eighteen.

The estate of Arden Court he bequeathed to a distant relative, the son of a second cousin, on coming of age, being, as the will stated, the last of the family of Arden in that line, and, as such, entitled to the lands and estates.

Then it went on to say that the residue of his personal property was to the issue of the said Hilda Arden, should she marry, and have children; but should she not, then to some charities, which he named.

The will having been read, there was silence for several minutes; then a gentleman who had hitherto been little noticed, but who had entered quietly during the reading of the will, and seated himself near Avice, rose.

He was a doctor, who had been recently established in the neighborhood, and was the first called in on the occasion of the late Mr. Arden's death.

Dr. Henry was a young man, extremely handsome and gentlemanlike.

Some objected to the stylish doctor; others were captivated with him.

The first class were chiefly among the older, long-established families; the other belonged to a young and more modern type, and chiefly among the fair sex.

Dr. Henry waited patiently till the will was read; then he said quietly, "May I ask whether that is the late Mr. Arden's last will and testament?"

"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "I have been the legal adviser of the late Mr. Arden for the last twenty years, and he has never given me directions to make another will."

"Then the depositories of the deceased gentleman have not yet been examined?" said Dr. Henry.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Travers. "The fact was so patent in my own opinion, that I deemed it better and more respectful to the deceased for the will to be read ere any such steps were taken."

The physician looked as if a painful office was incumbent on him.

"My dear sir, my dear friends," said he, "I feel it a bounden duty, under the circumstances, to state what I observed on being called in to attend the deceased gentleman, or rather to give my evidence as to his death. The escritoire in his bedroom was open, evidently for the purpose of receiving its contents on the night of his death. I, by the request of Miss Merton, took on myself the duty of closing it, and in doing so I observed a document headed 'The last will and testament of Philip Arden.' The affair was so delicate, the circumstances so peculiar, that I did not allude to the casual discovery even to Miss Merton herself. But now I deem it my duty to mention the discovery and have the facts tested."

Mr. Travers looked exceedingly cross.

"I can scarcely believe that my respected friend would have prepared that document without consulting me," he said. "However, if Mr. Twyford, the executor named in the will already read, and Dr. Pearson, will accompany Dr. Henry and myself to the spot, we will soon test the fact."

The gentlemen named rose at once. The remainder of the party looked eagerly expectant; the ladies alone appeared calmly indifferent to the strange proceeding. Hilda was indeed too confident in the wisdom and justice of her beloved guardian, and too absorbed in grief for his death, to take much interest in the proceedings; and Avice was too self-controlled to betray any emotion.

In about a quarter of an hour steps were heard approaching. The door opened and the gentlemen re-entered. The spectators anxiously scanned their faces to learn the result of the inquiry.

Dr. Henry appeared inwardly satisfied, Dr. Pearson and Mr. Twyford were evidently astonished and excited, and Mr. Travers unmistakably wroth and jealous. His face was dark with suppressed indignation, and had the occasion been less serious, there would have been something almost ludicrous in his glances at the callous and unmoved Dr. Henry.

"It is very singular, very incomprehensible," said the lawyer, resuming his seat. "But there does appear to be a subsequent will made by my deceased client, and I must confess, an apparently legal and properly executed one.

"The document in question is brief, and entirely different from the other will; so different indeed, that were it not for the evident genuineness of the signatures, I could scarcely have thought the codicil thus made to be the real testament of my friend."

He then proceeded to read the codicil, which ran thus:

"I, Philip Arden, being of sound mind, though infirm of body, and acting for the conviction that I am doing right in the sight of God and man, do hereby revoke and annul all former bequests and legacies made in any other will and testament.

"And I do hereby leave and bequeath to my ward, Hilda, commonly known as Hilda Arden, the sum of one thousand pounds; and to my cousin and beloved friend and attendant and nurse, Avice Merton, I leave and bequeath the whole estate of Arden Court, and constitute the residuary legatee of the whole remainder of my personal and real property. And to my friends John Twyford, Charles Pearson, William Travers, and Mark Towers, the sum of two thousand pounds each as a mark of my regard and affection.

"The fact of the decease of my relative Miles Arden, and of my dear sister Bessie Arden, will account for the change in my wishes and plans.

"Signed "PHILIP ARDEN."

This codicil was witnessed by Mrs. Hislop (whose writing was familiar to Mr. Travers,) and also by the land steward, whose signature was also known to the lawyer, and pronounced reluctantly by him to be unmistakably genuine.

The reading of this last document took every one by surprise. The gentlemen were evidently disappointed.

Perhaps the beauty of the fair young disinherited might have something to do with this regret; perhaps some latent idea that either the deceased gentleman was in his dotage, or that some undue influence had been used, might be one reason that they thus betrayed feelings so uncomplimentary to the lady heiress of twice as many thousands per annum as would have been her fortune in the original document.

Dr. Henry alone was placidly unmoved. He looked calmly satisfied that he had done a simple duty, and the frowns and dismal looks of some, and the suspicious glances of others had no effect upon him.

Excellent man!

It was enough for him that he had been instrumental in bringing the truth to light, and that the rightful owner of the property in question had received what was her rightful due.

But Hilda—sweet, beautiful, helpless, disinherited Hilda—what were her feelings, her looks, her demeanor on this trying and sudden change of fortune? She was too young, too tender, too loving to fully appreciate the blow.

Perhaps a vague feeling of pain—an idea that her guardian had changed in his love for and confidence in her—might mingle with the bewildering revulsion of feeling that the reading of the codicil produced.

Then came the quick flash of memory that recalled to her the words of her deceased nurse.

The woman had evidently some presentiment of the strange events thus come to pass; and Hilda (unusually matured by the whole events of her life) could scarcely separate the prediction from the event that had fulfilled it.

An involuntary glance at Avice betrayed the thoughts that rushed through Hilda's mind.

It was so transient as scarcely to be observed, and yet it conveyed a strange and questioning idea, that brought a faint tinge of color into Avice's pale cheek.

She was indeed deadly pale, was that newly made heiress.

At least no one could accuse Avice of any unseemly exultation. Her face was ashen white, as if the sudden revulsion, the shock she had sustained, had been too much for her nerves.

Her lips worked, and her eyes were turned, with a pleading, startled look around that could not be attributed to such feelings.

Amiable, unselfish Miss Merton! How completely she was taken by surprise.

How little did the sudden stroke of fortune, that thus unexpectedly raised her from the dependence of a poor relative to be mistress of Arden Court, seem to flush her cheek and raise her spirits to the exulting pride which such elevation would have occasioned in ordinary minds.

No; there were rather distress and surprise than delight expressed in that pale face. Then she said at last, in a strange tone, "Is it true?"

It was distressing to the amiable Avice, and the worthy Dr. Henry, to see the look and hear the tone with which Mr. Travers replied, "It seems genuine, madam—that is all I can say. I have nothing personally to do with it; nothing at all; but I am surprised, although such things happen every day in the world."

"Not more astonished than I am," was the low rejoinder, in tones so tremulous that the kindly heart of the clergyman was touched.

"Dear Miss Merton, perhaps we had better retire now," he said.

"This has been a trying day for you, and it is scarcely necessary to go further into the matter now.

"I presume the executors are the same as those mentioned in the first will?"

A gruff assent from Mr. Travers was the sole reply.

Mr. Twyford hesitated and cleared his throat; he seemed about to speak.

Then something arrested the words, which, to judge from his expression, bade fair to have been a decided refusal to take his part in the proceedings; and the reply was changed into,—"I shall see Mr. Travers by and by on the subject."

"Miss Merton will excuse my taking a little time to consider it."

Alice bowed silently, Mr. Travers made a slight inclination of the head, and then the party rose.

Avice and Hilda were the last to leave the room, and the few guests who remained after the funeral were all away from the house ere Avice spoke. Then she placed her hand on Hilda's.

"My dear child," she began, "this is an unexpected blow."

The young girl rose firmly, and drew her hand back from the caressing touch.

"I would rather not talk at present, cousin Avice," she said; "another time we will speak of all this."

She then went hastily from the room, and Avice was alone; alone in the room where Philip Arden, the just, the noble, the heavily tried, had died. Her frame shivered as she recalled that night, she sank into a shuddering, distressing day-dream.

The blinds were drawn down, and through the heavy curtains fell a dim light that threw the gloom of evening over the room. True it was but six o'clock on a June day; but the sun had become obscured by a cloud, and the light of the declining day was effectually shut out by the sombre shadow on the windows. And then a vision came over her—a vision of the tall thin figure of Philip, as he sat in that chair which stood before the library table. She could see him bending over the familiar writing-case, the pen in his feeble, trembling fingers.

Ah, well she knew in what employment the hand of Death had found him.

She could see the pen tracing those loving lines that were even now in her possession. She could figure the pang which loosened his grasp, the effort to still it, the determination to finish his task.

Then the terrible moments of suffering, and the last feeble utterance that passed his lips—the beloved name—"Marian!"

Oh, what a strange, vivid panorama passed before Avice Merton's eyes! She tried to shut it out, but in vain.

Hours passed away, but still Avice sat on, haunted by that sad scene of death. At last, however, she arose, and glided, cold and shivering, to her own room. And this was the first night of her heirship of Arden Court.

CHAPTER XV.

THE next morning Avice and Hilda met at the breakfast table. Hilda was pale and grave, but her expression was that of one who had decided on her course. Avice, too, had recovered from the nervous visions of the previous night, and was prepared to carry out her plans. She had pressed her lips on the cheek of the orphan, but the caress had been rather endured than returned. Then the two sat down to the lonely meal.

Hilda was gentle in her replies to the courtesies offered by the hostess, but they were so brief and so entirely confined to the subject, that Avice was somewhat perplexed as to the real feelings and mood of the young girl.

The meal passed on, and was drawing to a close; indeed, it had been but a farce for them both, for they scarcely appeared to taste the food before them. Then Avice suddenly came to a resolve.

"Hilda, my love," said she, "may I speak to you freely?"

Hilda's eyes were raised in a moment, and she replied calmly, "You can scarcely need no permission, Cousin Avice."

"Yes, I can, dear Hilda," said Avice, winningly; "for it all depends on the construction you put on my words whether I would even venture to speak them or not."

"I shall certainly endeavor to put a right construction on your words, dear Avice," replied Hilda, calmly.

"I hope so, Hilda," said Avice; "but I feel that you must be disappointed at the singular change in your guardian's will; and I am anxious to assure you that it was as unknown to me as to yourself."

Hilda raised her eyes with a firm, unflinching gaze, that brought a tinge of crimson to Avice's cheek.

"I am sorry, Cousin Avice, that you should deem the assurance necessary," said Hilda. "It would be a great grief to me to think any one, with whom I had ever been associated, guilty of such a fearful crime."

"I am glad to hear that, Hilda, though I cannot be surprised that there is some coldness still in your tone," said Avice, now thoroughly prepared for the task before her; "but I can well pardon it under such circumstances. Had you the least suspicion, my dear girl, why you were made heiress of Arden Court?"

"Not the slightest," replied Hilda.

"And can you understand the reason of the change?" continued Avice.

A flush of pride came over Hilda's face.

"Cousin Avice," she said, "I may at least be excused from replying to such a question. I have told you that I had no expectation of being appointed heiress to my beloved uncle; but whether his feelings towards me were changed before his death, it is as easy for you as for me to decide."

Hilda's eyes and cheeks spoke, even more plainly than her tone, the proud indignation she felt at the overbearing questions. The newly-made heiress, matured woman as she was, shrunk from her honest, just resentment.

"Nay, Hilda, dearest, do not misunderstand me," she said, softly.

"It would be a great relief to my mind if I could but divine any real and just cause for the change.

"Understand me, Hilda. Had the first will never been made, I should not have felt as I now do.

"I do not pretend to such overstrained generosity as to say that I consider you without the claims of blood, and so young and inexperienced as you are, had a greater right to the property of the Ardens than their own kith and kin.

"Still it was once my cousin's intention to leave it to you, and I would fain discover the cause of the change."

"If you cannot, it is scarcely probable that I can," replied Hilda, calmly.

"At least I can remedy one part of the injustice if injustice it be," continued Avice. "Arden Court is still your home, Hilda. You need seek no other till you find one of your own," she added, with a sweet, arch smile.

"No, Cousin Avice," said Hilda, "that cannot be."

"Cannot!" said Avice. "And why not, Hilda?"

"I must depend on myself," she replied. "I cannot accept charity."

"And yet you took it from Philip Arden," said Avice.

"I did," said Hilda. "That was very different. Mr. Arden had loved my mother—still loved her.

"I had been committed to his care by her, and he loved me for her sake.

"I could accept, without degradation, the protection he offered."

"And why not from me?" said Avice.

"Because," replied Hilda, "I have no claim on you. You have no real affection for me, Avice.

"I know it; you cannot disguise so much from me. Besides, I am older now, and am not altogether destitute.

"I have enough to finish my education, and to assist me in earning my own livelihood. I have quite made up my mind; so please ask me no more.

"I would not say harsh words to the cousin of my guardian; but still I am resolved.

"I will not stay at Arden, and I have no need of your bounty, Avice."

A flush crimsoned Avice's cheek, as she said, "You are proud, very proud, Hilda."

"I am independent," she replied.

"Well," said Avice, "perhaps it may not last long. Those who have neither name nor home may one day regret that they rejected the offer of both. Hilda Halloway, remember that I have given you the option of remaining here, and that you rejected it. Do you hear me, Hilda?"

She need scarcely have asked the question. Hilda's face was flaming crimson, her head was lifted proudly up, and her lips worked angrily and passionately.

The high spirit that had blazed forth in occasional bursts of anger in her childhood, prevailed now.

"Avice Merton," she said, "I would not accept a home from you if I were starving. I would rather lie down in that quiet spot, where my beloved mother rests, than take one shilling, one mouthful, one night's lodging at your hands.

"My right to the name I bear was from the adoption of my beloved uncle, and legalised by the Church in my baptism. And as regards this home, I have lived in it as an adopted child; and if ever I return, it shall be as its mistress.

"Aunt Bessie told me that it would one day be mine. I believe that Uncle Philip meant that it should be so. What arts have been used, why he did not do what his noble heart prompted, may one day be explained.

"But listen, Avice Merton. If you can enjoy the ill-gotten heritage, you will indeed be a fortunate woman, or a most hopelessly hardened one. From my heart I can say that I would not change positions with you.

"I only ask one favor at your hand: be kind to Josiah Blunt. He is good and faithful, and your cousin loved him well.

Farewell Avice. I shall not trouble you again with my presence. The few hours that I shall remain here need not be any intrusion on your solitude. Farewell!"

Hilda walked proudly from the room, and hurried to her own apartment.

Her resolve was taken, but the mode of carrying it out was not so easy. She determined to return to her school at once, to ask Mrs. Cooper to give her a home during the holidays, and then to work hard, during the remaing six months of her proposed stay, to fit herself for the arduous task before her: but she was so unused to act for herself, that she scarcely knew how to begin; and long she sat there perplexed and musing. At last a keen desire seized her.

She would go to her mother's grave once more.

She could think better there; and it might be that the spirits of the departed would look down on her, and direct her in her perplexities.

She threw on a hat and cloak, and hurried to the well-known spot; then the passion of tears burst forth, and she remained in an agony of grief that gave little room for calm thoughts.

"Oh mother, dear mother, why did you let your child be thus exposed to insult!" she cried bitterly.

"Oh Uncle Philip and Aunt Bessie, if I could but follow you! I am so wretched—so very wretched."

"Don't, Miss Hilda, don't ye," said a voice near.

Hilda started; it was Josiah Blunt.

"Don't take on so, miss," said he.

"Master's a deal happier now, I'm sure. He was too good for this world. But I'm only vexed he went so suddenly; but it saved him a deal of pain, I dare say. Miss Hilda; so don't fret."

Hilda looked sadly on the honest face of the lad.

He had wonderfully matured and improved during the last few years.

He was well grown, and, thanks to Mr. Arden, respectably clothed. His face was no longer the hungry, wan, restless countenance as of old, but tolerably filled out and rounded; and his whole expression was more sensible and firm than could have been supposed consistent with his deficiency of intellect.

But like many who appear to have, as it were, but half the brain susceptible of activity, he had unusual shrewdness with the portion of intellect that remained.

Therefore many things that escaped others were stored up in his memory, and he would think, and watch, and imagine, and plan, as persons of more enlarged and general intellect seldom do.

Hilda was, as ever, Josiah's better angel. For her he would have suffered any amount of mental or bodily torture, and for her he was capable at once of stern self-control, and of a singular forbearance and reticence of the stores and purposes of his mind.

"You are right, Josiah," said Hilda, smiling through her tears. "It is selfish to mourn for him. But it is hard to part with all, and go away."

"Go way, Miss Hilda!" said he, perfectly aghast.

"Yes, Josiah, I must go at once," she replied. "And I want you to manage for me. I could not bear all the fuss of saying good-bye, with all the servants coming to me; so please manage it for me. If you can get me some conveyance, I can go in the morning to Monmouth, and take the coach from there to my old school. You can manage it for me?"

"Of course, Miss Hilda, of course," said Josiah. "I would do anything on earth for you. But you'll come back, miss?"

"I don't think I shall," she replied. "Perhaps—who knows?—some day I may; but not while——"

She stopped, but presently resumed: "Josiah, you will stay here. I have asked Miss Merton to be kind to you; and, as long as you can in any way bear it, Josiah—as long as she is at all good to you, I wish you to remain. I would like some one to be here who loved my dear guardian as you did."

"Yes, I'll stay, Miss Hilda," said the lad; and a strange look came over his face. "Yes, I'll stay," he repeated; "and maybe I shall see you here again in the dear old house as its rightful lady, Miss Hilda. Who knows?"

He was silent for a moment; then he said, "Miss Hilda, could you come and take possession of this now, if it had been left you?"

"No, my good boy, certainly not," said Hilda, who could scarcely repress a smile. "At least, I should be under guardians till I was of age."

"And what's that, Miss Hilda?" he asked.

"When I am twenty-one," she replied.

"And how old are you now, Miss Hilda?"

"Nearly seventeen," she replied, turning suddenly to the tombstone on which was graven the date of her mother's death, and her own birth.

"Then there's plenty of time," he muttered; "there's plenty of time."

Hilda scarcely heard the lad—she was pensively gazing on her mother's gravestone; then, after a long lingering gaze, she turned again to the lad.

"Then you will manage it for me?" she said. "Have a carriage at the Court by seven to-morrow morning, Josiah, and then I shall leave quietly, and no one will notice my departure."

"Yes, I will Miss Hilda," said he.

"And you will write and tell me how you go on, Josiah, and I will let you know if I go away from where I am going to stay for the present," she continued. "I would never willingly lose sight of you, Josiah, for your own sake, and that of him who is gone."

"I'd follow you through fire and water, Miss Hilda," said Josiah. "Why won't you let me go with you?"

"I cannot," she replied, half smiling at the idea. "And remember, I shall be poor, and have to work, like yourself. So you must not lose this home, for my sake, Josiah."

"I'll do anything you tell me, Miss Hilda," said the lad.

"And attend to what Miss Merton says," continued Hilda. "You can write very nicely, and I shall expect to hear from you."

Hilda was right. The half-witted boy had displayed an extraordinary genius for the kindred requirements of writing and arithmetic.

He could not only write an excellent hand, but his powers both of imitating and detecting hand-writings, as well as of calculation, were beyond the usual gifts of even an educated man. He would select among twenty hand-writings one that he had seen before.

Sometimes Mr. Arden and Hilda had tried to test his power by disguising their familiar writing, or of making those whose hands he knew less, alter their usual style and characters. Josiah would detect the cheat; he would find out the true author of the deception, and also any attempt to mingle one hand with another, even in successive lines.

In former, and happier days, Hilda had often tried these powers of the lad, in girlish sport; and even her grave guardian had smiled and wondered at this strange gift in one so deficient in ordinary talents; and his arithmetical powers were scarcely less surprising. The mental calculations that he could rapidly and accurately execute were really extraordinary, when his education and his imperfect intellect were taken into account.

The strangely assorted pair now turned from the spot, and walked slowly home; and the last words that Josiah said to the fair idol of his humble homage were—"Keep a good heart, Miss Hilda, and remember that I'd always go through fire and water to do you good; and what's more, Miss Hilda, I'll try and put up with her," he added, indicating Avice by a nod of his head—"yes, I'll put up with her for your sake, Miss Hilda."

Hilda shook her head reprovingly, but there was a half smile on her lips that spoke a greater sympathy with her humble friend than might perhaps be expected between a beautiful and gifted girl and a humble and unattractive half-wit. And thus they parted.

The commission was duly carried out; and ere the inmates of Arden Court were fully awake on the following day, Hilda had left the house of her early youth—the home that had witnessed her birth, and the death of her who had given her being.

The sun seemed overcast in the early mist of a showery June day. The air was oppressive and damp. A gloom, a shadow, hung over Nature. Ah! how much deeper was it over the head of the "exiled orphan!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THREE months had passed, and Avice Merton was now fully installed in the new heritage that had so unexpectedly come to her; and, so far as outward estimate went, she seemed to be a worthy recipient. Her very appearance was changed. The extreme elegance of her attire—which even its mourning hue could not disguise—the taste it displayed, embellished strangely the not unpleasing form and face that it adorned.

Avice had, as we have before said, been a pleasing-looking woman.

She was now invested with the undefinable charm that the possession of combined taste and wealth and the consciousness of position and power alone can give, the tastefully arranged hair, over which a skilful and experienced maid exercised her utmost taste, the elegance of every article of toilette, both in material and form, the refinement of each costly adjunct of the dressing-room and the boudoir, were just the embellishments of which Avice was susceptible. She was neither too old nor too ugly for them to do their part. And from a passable and pleasing woman she had become an elegant and even an attractive-looking one.

But was she happy? Who could tell? At least she appeared content and at ease. It might be that the secret drawbacks, which might be presumed to exist, to the perfect enjoyment of her good fortune, rather chastened any undue expression of exulting pride.

She was perfect in her composure, in the natural and even graceful manner with which she assumed her place, and bore her new honors.

Every one wondered; most admired; some, perhaps, were disappointed at the fitness she displayed for her wonderful fortune.

Mr. Travers had proved the genuineness of the signatures to the will. Mrs. Hislop's was easily sworn to. She had kept the housekeeping accounts, and signed her name to various papers too often for the plain and rounded characters to be mistaken; and the other name was yet more easily ascertained. Mr. Southam, the late land steward, was still living, and had only left his situation a few weeks when his patron died, and he at once identified his signature.

What more could be done? The will was proved.

Mr. Travers felt that it was almost an absurdity to relinquish his lucrative appointment for a mere fancy, a capricious, perhaps unjust suspicion, and Mr. Twyford had too sincere a respect for the memory of his deceased friend to refuse to perform the duties of executor in such a case; so all had gone on without let or scandal.

The lady had passed through every phase that was dangerous or disagreeable, and now she was established, and free to perform her own duties, and enjoy her own dignities, as the lady of Arden Court.

Was she free? Is any one wholly free and independent? Moralists reply "No," for all have certain duties and relations in life that bind them; philosophers say "No," for every one has an earthly claim that controls and enslaves his actions; and cynics say "No," because there is ever some "skeleton in the closet," some secret chain, that enslaves and controls.

Whichever of these causes governed Avice Merton, the developement of the tale must show.

We see her only now as she sits in her beautiful and elegant boudoir, her graceful figure draped in a fine and delicate fabric, that took from the gloom and heaviness of the sable garb; her skin soft and delicate from the skilful application of some of the secrets of the dressing-room, that are priceless when youth has passed; her hair tastefully wound round the head, and not over severely drawn from the face, lest the outline should be too painfully tested.

Her expression—ah, there was the perplexity! Her strange mingling of satisfaction and pride, and calm self-reliance, with an uneasy, troubled, restless glance; the irritation, that would, at rare intervals, break forth, her susceptibility to the slightest insult or slight,—all were in that troubled, yet proud look.

To a casual observer, everything was perfect. A keen discernment could perceive the element we describe.

Avice had a book before her, but she was not reading. It had dropped from her hand, and her eyes were fixed on the fire that a dull September evening had made agreeable.

Earnest, thoughtful eyes they were at that moment, and a stern, determined look was in their depths. Whatever were Avice Merton's thoughts at the instant, there was no mingling or hesitation with the reverie. No words escaped her lips. No change of position, no restless movement, betrayed any inquietude. Her whole expression and attitude betokened that her course had been taken, and that the irrevocable past was not as yet repented of. At length the door opened.

"If you please, Miss Merton," said the servant, "Dr. Henry is here. Shall I bring him in, or show him into the dining-room?"

"Bring him here," she said. "It is too cold," she added, involuntarily.

A slight smile passed over the servant's face; but Avice saw it not. No domestic of hers would risk such a discovery.

In a few minutes Dr. Henry entered. Smiling, handsome, graceful Dr. Henry! Who could help welcoming him with a smile?

Avice's greeting was quiet and graceful. There was a studied composure in her demeanour now, that was seldom ruffled. It was "high bred," so every one said; but perhaps a trifle too anxious, too careful, for natural elegance.

"I must apologise for an early visit, Miss Merton," said the doctor; "but I was anxious to find you alone and disengaged."

Avice looked quietly at him. Perhaps the chief evidence of disquiet that she ever gave was the sudden and stealthy glance that the veriest trifle would occasion. There was at least a break in her perfect repose; and in this case the stealthy, watchful glance of the doctor could detect the furtive questioning that seemed to ask whether any latent meaning was under his words. He took no notice, however, but simply accepted a seat, not the one she pointed to him, but one rather nearer to the couch where she sat. There was a slight pause. Then he resumed more carelessly.

"Yes," said he, "I have been anxious to see you, Miss Merton. I fancied you were not very well when I had last the pleasure of calling at Arden Court."

"Thank you," she said, flushing slightly; "I have been perfectly well."

"Pardon me," he said, smiling, "I cannot be so easily deceived. It is impossible that you can be entirely and perfectly well while so solitary and—unprotected."

"I am quite able to protect and take care of myself, Dr. Henry," she replied, haughtily. "I am scarcely so young and inexperienced as to need a protector."

"Pardon me, Miss Merton," he said, again smiling. "You are scarcely at an age that should be completely independent; and there is no woman but needs some care and assistance."

"You are really too considerate," she said, forcing a laugh; "I am afraid I must be sadly masculine, for I am quite able to take care of myself, I assure you."

"And to dispense with assistance," he added, with emphasis.

"With any that I cannot easily command," said Avice.

"Perhaps not," said the doctor; and again there was a pause. "Then you can review the past," he resumed, "and anticipate the future with absolute independence of others, and with satisfaction?"

"I scarcely understand you," she said, sharply.

"Oh, it is very intelligible," said he. "A woman, in the solitude of a house like this, with the weight of such a property on her mind, and the mourning of the past to shadow the present, must have extraordinary powers to dispense with my aid."

"Of what nature?" she said, bitterly.

"From one who can enter into all, and is willing and able to assist in crushing all that is unpleasing, and in brightening all that is happy and soothing in your lot, Miss Merton," he replied, in a tone that was softened, and with his eyes expressively bent on hers.

"I am no foolish, weak girl, to need such a companion, Dr. Henry," she said, proudly; "and, as we have spoken quite enough of myself, we will, if you please change the subject."

"I am in despair to resist any wish of yours, Miss Merton," he said, "but in this case I am really forced to do so. I came here to-day for a specific purpose, and that purpose I must carry out."

Avice did not reply, but her grey eyes glittered, and her lips were scornfully curved in defiance.

"You appear," said she, "inclined to test the self-reliance you doubted just now, Dr. Henry; and I really should scarcely have expected such language from you."

"I am deeply grieved to at all alter the opinion you have formed of me, Miss Merton," he said; "but you will presently see that I had no alternative. May I therefore request that you will suspend your judgment, and listen to me patiently?"

Avice was paler than usual. There was evidently a struggle in her mind, but she did not refuse the request.

Dr. Henry appeared to consider it as a permission, for she rose, went to the door, opened it, glanced round, and returned to his seat.

"Pardon me, Miss Merton," he began, "but it is better to be quite certain that no eavesdroppers are near, whether accidentaly or not. Whatever may be the result of our interview, it is as well that it should not be known to strangers."

Avice lowered her head. Something in his look and tone seemed to quiet any resistance on her part; but she was not subdued. She was perfectly self-reliant, and even defiant; but still she let him have his way, without opposition. He paused for a moment or so ere he went on.

"Miss Merton," he then said, "I told you that I came here for a specific purpose. Can you guess its nature?"

She was silent.

Then her dry lips formed themselves into a decided, distinct, "No, I cannot."

"I am sorry," said he; "but still it is only delayed; and I think that your own good sense will shorten any usual and yet to us useless preliminaries.

"As you say, you are not a girl; and I, thought not certainly to be classed among the 'middle aged' or elderly members of my sex, cannot exactly be called a young man.

"Therefore as I before observed, we can dispense with the preliminaries, and come to the point at once.

"Avice Merton, I am come to ask you to be my wife."

She stared at him in bewilderment. Then an involuntary glance round the splendid room spoke, more plainly than words—"And what equivalent have you to offer for all I can bring?"

He did not reply to the look, but placidly waited her verbal answer, though for a few minutes more; and when at last it was pronounced, coldly, sharply haughtily, "I must decline the honor,"—he still preserved his composure.

"Nay, Miss Merton," said he, "the reply is too sudden and too painful; let me add, too, ill-advised. I can't receive it."

"I have no other to give," she said.

"May I ask your objections?" said Dr. Henry.

"It is scarcely necessary," she replied; "but I can state them in a few words. I have no present intention to marry; and what is more, if I changed my mind, I certainly should not choose Dr. Henry."

"Ah, I understand," said he. "Yes, I see what you mean. The heiress of Arden Court, and its thousands per annum, naturally looks down on the physician, with no ostensible property in return, no title nor rank. Is it not so?"

"Dr. Henry, it is a pity that you are so persistent," said Avice; "but, as you force me to speak more plainly, I repeat that, as I am scarcely young enough to marry for love, and as I am not inclined to do anything that would lower my position, or divide my independence, I must decline your offer, with the assurance that, when I do change my condition of life, it will certainly not be without motive."

"Precisely, Miss Merton," said the doctor. "I quite agree with you; but still, wait and consider. Remember, I am eligible, young—thirty-one by the register, Miss Merton—and that is a qualification not usually disregarded. Then I flatter myself that I am scarcely repulsive in person, or even in manner. My family is perhaps equal to, if not better than your own; and your own good sense will decide as to any other qualifications I may possess. Come, think again."

Avice was getting angry, and her serpent eyes glittered ominously.

"Dr. Henry," said she, "I will not brook this trifling. I have a perfect knowledge of your perfections—youth, a handsome person, and, for aught I know, good family; all that is perfectly familiar to me; but I really am vain enough to think that I deserve a somewhat greater equivalent in return for my unworthy self, and what belongs to my hand."

He listened calmly and his dark, pale face did not vary one shade in color, while his lips were placidly smiling as he listened.

"My dear Miss Merton," he replied, "I do not quarrel with a little self-appreciation on your part. It sits well on a woman like you. And as my wife, the dignity would be quite becoming. Still, it is but a pretty little coquetry and struggling with your destiny. You will be Mrs. Henry, I assure you; unless indeed you would rather have the name changed to the old one of the estate. 'Arden,' of Arden Court, is quite to my taste."

Avice looked at him in speechless wonder. Was he mad, or had he been drinking, ere he came at that early hour? The first was merely a wild idea; the second seemed an absurdity. His eyes were bright and clear, his skin unflushed, his manner singularly calm and cool. Avice was divided between alarm and indignation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

'Twixt Cup and Lip.

BY J. H. LUDLOW.

YOU all know Sandy McPherson?" said our Colonel.

"Intimately!" "Perfectly!" "As well as my own brother, sir!" most of us replied, though, if the truth be told, there was not a man at that mess-table who had ever heard of Mr. McPherson before. You see, it was the commanding officer who spoke, and it was always risky saying to him nay when he expected yea.

"They used to call him, you recollect, 'The Great Unwashed;' a vulgar but appropriate *sobriquet*, nevertheless," continued the chief. "Great, on account of his burly and preciously ugly person; unwashed, by reason of his accredited scant acquaintance with soap and spring-water.

"On his coffee estate in the mountains of India, and among his undraped and unscrubbed coolies, this disregard for the comforts and conveniences of life went for nothing, perhaps it was even in keeping with the surroundings; but when he came down to this city, walked in its public gardens and esplanade, or showed with its swells at the band, his appearance was something outrageous, even his mankind didn't like it.

"As for the spinsters and young widows of the station, there was scarce one but who fought shy of admitting him into her presence as a morning visitor, much less as a suitor, though many of these blooming ladies were on the sharp look-out for the silken chains of matrimony.

"But, disadvantages of person and attire notwithstanding, he was a right good fellow, this same gentleman. He was honest, hard-working, thrifty, simple-minded; and from being a mere adventurer without interest, friends, or money, he had, self-helped only, acquired quite a property. It was finely situated and contained a lovely little cottage. But both wanted just exactly what he thought they did—the wife element to set them ship-shape and presentable; and, for that desideratum he was on the *qui vive*.

"But he had poor luck with his girls and as a last resource he sought, from his brethren of the coffee berry around, counsel as to the most advisable method of getting the so-needed helpmate; and the first man he consulted was Herr Thaler, a successful and rich German whose estate bordered on Allan Craig, his own.

"So, so!" said that personage. "Zere is noting more easy. Zave off ze nugget heard, burn in ze fire zose old clodos buy von big tob, mein frend, get some coats, and zen return to ze frauleins and vidder-frans vid ze monish-bags in ze 'ands. If zey vill not 'ave you, zey vill take ze rupee; trost 'em for zat, my zon."

"But the recommendation was unpalatable, and to a great extent impracticable. Presently, however, a thought struck McPherson.

"Thaler," said he, "when I was a boy there lived in the neighborhood of my father's manse a widowed lady with two or three then wee, very wee, daughters. From what I can recollect of them their means were cramped, not to say scanty, but they were of good blood and form.

"One of the children, the eldest if my memory serves me, was called Effie Needum, and promised to be bonny, for I can faintly recall her blue eyes, flaxen hair, rosy complexion, and jimp little figure. If she be alive she must be close on thirty; for it is many years since I came out here a stripling. I wonder if she and the bairns be in the land of the leal or the living."

"Write indirectly and inquire."

"And Sandy did so, and ascertained that his old acquaintances, Miss Effie included, were still alive, and proudly bearing up against poverty. Armed with which intelligence he sought his most intimate friend Jack Le Geste. He asked him what he should do.

"Mac," said he; "your course is as clear as day. Send word to materfamilias N.; tell her that you are well-to-do in the world, own lands and cattle, men-servants and maid-servants; that you want to settle; that as a whipper-snapper you liked—no, better say loved—Miss Effie, and ask her in plain English to come out and marry you. Above all things, though, be sure and send your photograph; you are not such a very, very bad-looking chap, Sandy, if you would only dress like a Christian, and not like a coolie."

"So the letter was written, submitted to Le Geste's inspection, sealed, posted, and in due course was received by the Needums, in whose little household it created no small amount of astonishment, and was much spelt and pondered over, especially by the damsel most concerned—still comely if somewhat in years—and who, after a while, consented to go out and wed her suitor.

"After all, mother dear," she said, "he has house and home for me; maybe, by and by, for you too, Jennie; and I'll do all I can to help you. It's the best thing for me. And really Mr. McPherson—or I suppose I ought to call him Alexander—is yet young and not bad looking. Quite the contrary—very, very nice-looking; see the photo he has sent us."

"And Miss Jennie quite agreed with her elder sister that Mr. McPherson was a beauty.

"Well, my bairns," said the old lady, "I can't gainsay you but that the portrait is winsome and douce enough; but as I call to mind the boy Sandy, the son of the minister, he was not nearly so seemly and well favored. But it is, indeed, lang syne since I set eyes on him, and likely he has got handsomer as he got older; some men do.

"Then everything being settled, Miss Needum accepted her kismet, agreed to go out, and her lover—open-handed, honorable, true, as I have already told you he was—sent the wherewithal for passage and outfit. And he completely metamorphosed both himself and house. Everything was new and grand.

"As the time for the arrival of the ship, the Queen of Serendib drew nigh, awful were the fidgets of our hero; and many days before it was possible for that slow and sure craft to reach her port, he was there walking about with a big binocular in his hands, looking out seawards.

"Then at long last it was told him that the vessel was in the offing, was rounding the point, was at anchor in the harbor; and in the Master Attendant's boat, cushioned, flagged, and bedecked for the auspicious occasion, Sandy McPherson, Esquire, of Ailsa Craig, planter, rowed alongside.

"Scrambling up the side, he took a hasty glance at the many passengers assembled on the poop; and, instinctively guessing that Miss Effie was not among them, he dived below, and confronted the stewardess.

"Miss Needum on board, and well?" asked he.

"Yes, sir," replied the matron; "and a very nice, good, kind, pleasant young lady she is, and I've taken the greatest care of her. She felt sure that the gent was Miss N.'s husband to be, and that there was money in his purse for a gratuity, notwithstanding that, according to the terms of the passage-money, stewards' and stewardesses' fees were included; a fiction, gentlemen, a pleasant fiction, when you will find out when you go down to the sea in ships.

"Take this card to her," said the pale and trembling gentleman. "I'll wait her coming up in that far corner of this saloon.

"Glancing at the pasteboard, the woman disappeared; and presently there ascended, step by step, from the regions below, first a neat straw hat, trimmed with bright ribbons, beneath that hat a face somewhat worn with years and cares, but still fresh and comely enough; then a slight compact figure, draped in plain well-fitting garments, shawled, and ready for the shore. Miss Effie, in her own person, stood before her hand-seeker, blushing 'celestial rosy red.'

"He advanced from his coign of vantage to greet her; but as he drew nigher, instead of the warm affectionate welcome he looked for, there was a fixed stare, a shudder, a hasty retreat, and a loud scream which resounded from stern to stem of the big ship, and brought every one from decks and cabins into the saloon.

"Miss Needum—Effie, my dear girl, what on earth is the matter?" hurriedly stammered out the astounded Sandy.

"Shiver my timbers, what ails the lassie?" put in the captain. "Look out for squalls, if you've annoyed her!" And all the bystanders echoed the words in more or less threatening terms. She was evidently a favorite on board.

"O, take him away," cried the lady, piteously—"take him away from me some one! I don't know him! I've been misled, deceived! I can't marry him—indeed, indeed I can't! He is not Mr. McPherson who wrote to me, to whom I came out to be mar——He is so ugly! O, such a dreadful fright! I'll return him his money! I'll work my way back to my poor mother! I'll do anything, but I can't be his wife! I'd rather die first!"

"Miss Needum, I don't indeed understand this," said the taken-aback and completely flabbergasted one. "What does it all mean? Are we not engaged? Have you not come out of your own free will to accept the home and the love I offer you? Did I not send you my likeness?"

"No, no!

"Surely I did. It was taken by Collodion, our best photographer; and when he gave it to me, he said, 'Mr. McPherson, sir, there is no flattery 'ere; your worst 'enemies would admit that.' Why, I myself put it inside the letter to your mother.

"I repeat, no—decidedly and emphatically no! Look at this," and drawing from her bosom a little locket, she opened it, and displayed the head and face of a younger, much handsomer, and in every outward respect a more loveable man than the scared one now before her. It was the counterfeit presentment of Mr. Jack Le Geste, and I leave you to imagine what McPherson thought when he saw it there.

"How could it get into the locket you ask? Why, in the simplest way in the world. That good-for-nothing fellow Le Geste, when Sandy's letter came into his possession, thought to "sell" him, and so had surreptitiously removed his picture, substituting one of his own, and Effie had worn it ever since.

"The poor doll of a disappointed bridegroom pleaded hard, and tried every argument to induce the girl to let matters progress, but she was obstinate and determined.

"She would esteem and respect him always, but nothing more. To let the cat out of the bag, Miss Effie had fallen most desperately in love with the picture of her supposed Alexander, and in vulgar language had spooned over it awfully during the tedious and lone hours of a long voyage.

"Of course, she imagined that it was her intended husband she was approving, or she would not have done it—certainly not.

"So, quite chap-fallen, and in the maddest of rages, McPherson returned to his estate.

"Arrived there, he cut from one of his coffee-bushes the thickest and knottiest of sticks, and proceeded with it in search of Le Geste; but fortunately for the jester he had made tracks and was gone.

"Then he reverted to his old customs and habits, sold his not now necessary goods and chattels, and thought as little as he could of the false Effie.

"A fickle and capricious creature, woman. Listen, gentlemen, to another exemplification of old Virgil's dictum.

"In the same ship in which, shortly after the breaking off of her intended espousal, Miss Needum sailed for England, there came on board, almost at the last minute, a slim, dark-haired, goodlooking man, going home, some said for health; others, in fear and trembling of an irate Gael with a huge stick in his hands. Be this as it may, the health-seeker or the fugitive—take which you please—was no other than Le Geste; and to close my story, when the vessel touched at St. Helena for water and provisions, he and Effie went on shore and returned man and wife."

Too Late.

BY S. M. GIDLEY.

REGINALD FRANCIS, strolling up and down the upper deck of the steamship "Hiawatha," with a fragrant Havana between his lips was—a most unwonted exertion for him—thinking deeply; nor, judging by the smile playing about his mouth and lighting up the dark handsome face, was the subject of thought at all disagreeable.

It was, in fact, no less a subject than represented some five feet five inches of blonde humanity, in the shape of Mrs. Maywood's governess.

Mrs. Maywood herself had not, during the five days they had been out at sea, been seen above decks, but Miss Hamilton braved both wind and weather, and with or without her eight-year-old charge, had sought every opportunity to escape from the stifling cabin into a purer atmosphere.

Life on shipboard had promised to be monotonous to Mr. Francis, until a kindly fate and a chance introduction threw him across Lucy Hamilton's path.

He had amused himself with women all his life, and of course a governess was fair sport.

She should be very grateful to him, that he, one of the lions of New York society, vouchsafed his kindly attentions.

Of course it was merely for amusement.

She must understand that—though certainly nothing of this or his foregoing musings were apparent in his manner, as, just as they reached this stage, a slight figure, encased in water-proof, appeared at the other end of the deck; but out from the water-proof peeped a bewilderingly lovely face, and over it broke a ravishing smile, as he came eagerly forward to meet her.

"I am glad you have come," he said; "and alone, too. Need I throw away my cigar? May I smoke?"

"Certainly. I like you know, the odor of tobacco. Oh, how good this air feels. Poor Mrs. Maywood! she has been so very sick to-day."

And you have been so much with her, leaving me dependent upon my own resources. There are such stupid people too on board. But for the happy accident of meeting you, I fear I should ere this have grown desperate and buried my sorrows beneath the waves. Now I only dread the day when our vessel shall ride into port."

She raised to him her great bewildered eyes.

"You mean," she said with unconscious pain in her voice, "that then will be the end—that I shall see you no more?"

"No, no!" he answered, quickly, striving to dissipate the impression. I only meant that I should not have the daily, almost hourly, opportunities of meeting you that we have here. Does the thought give you no pain?"

He bent his head lower as he spoke, and somehow his hand hid from view the little white fingers which lay upon his arm.

"Lucy, will you recall these days—these nights?"

She started at the sound of her name.

"Mr. Francis, you must not," she murmured. "How did you know it?"

"I think I should have known it by instinct," he replied. "In reality, I heard the child one day say 'Miss Lucy,' when she addressed you. It is so sweet a name; I was glad to find it yours."

The moonlight failed to hide the blush his quick glance noted, and the little hand on his arm trembled.

What mattered it?

Another week on shipboard remained to him.

A week was an eternity without some love; and once on shore, with his feet on solid ground, if she had made a mistake, she would not be long in discovering it.

Yet as the days wore on, he began to realize that it would cost him, too, something of a wrench.

If he were a fabulously rich man—if he could afford to follow the bent of his own free will—he would be almost tempted to link this girl's fortunes irrevocably with his.

Her beauty thrilled him.

There was about her a subtle charm no other woman had ever exercised over him.

It was upon him in all its force, on the last night they were to spend together on board the vessel.

They had been talking long and earnestly and the night was growing late.

"I dread to-morrow!" said the girl, shivering.

"And why?" he questioned. "Because it separates us?"

She uplifted to his sight the pale, beautiful face, with its answer written there.

The temptation was stronger than his strength.

He stooped and pressed a fervent kiss upon the ripe red lips.

The girl lay passive in his embrace.

At that instant Mrs. Maywood, unhappily recovered from her recent illness, stepped in front of them.

"Miss Hamilton!" she said, in tones of incredulous amaze.

Then she waited for an explanation of the scene.

Receiving none, she turned silently away in evident displeasure.

Lucy drew herself from Reginald's side.

"You said nothing?" she half-asserted, half-questioned. "Why did you not speak?"

"There was nothing to say," he replied, shrugging his shoulders.

"Nothing to say?" she repeated. "Could you not have told her what I was to you?"

"And what is that?" he said.

"You ask me?" she answered. "What have your words, your kisses meant? Did you not love me? Did you not mean me to be your wife?"

"I loved you—yes; but really I had not given consideration to the question of matrimony. Do not be foolish, Lucy. I am ready to do anything in reason, my dear, to atone for any trouble you may get into on my account——"

"Hush!" she cried, stamping her foot upon the deck, her eyes flashing in his face. "Don't make me despise you more! Don't insult me further by a single word! An hour ago, I loved you. Think of it! An hour ago I would have lived forever on the narrow limits of this ship alone with you, and considered myself blessed among women. Now I wonder if the whole world is wide enough to hold us two and give my contempt breathing space!"

The scathing words gave him no chance to reply.

They still burned in his soul long after the echo of her retreating footsteps had died away.

For the first time in his life he felt contempt for himself, and the sensation was by no means agreeable.

Neither could he shake it off as the days merged into weeks.

He wondered too if Miss Hamilton had been discharged.

No; he learned that she was still in Mrs. Maywood's service.

Doubtless she had made satisfactory explanation, and Mrs. Maywood had pardoned the indiscretion.

This should have satisfied him, but it failed to do so.

He grew more and more ill at ease—restless, almost unhappy.

At last, like a lightning-flash, it burst upon him; he had been playing with fire, and it had burnt him.

He had been playing with love, and Cupid had revenged himself.

He was in love—madly, desperately in love—but with one hope, one thought, one wish, to gain Lucy Hamilton for his own—his wife.

Of course he would have to ask her forgiveness.

For a time she might hesitate in granting it, but in the end he must win.

After all, his means were ample to provide his wife with every comfort, and how her beauty would adorn his home.

Why had he been so blind?

Poor child! how she must have suffered.

The more he thought of it the nearer came the reality home to him, and the more impatient he grew for the fulfillment of his desire.

Confident and rejoicing, he pulled Mrs. Maywood's bell in the dusk of a winter evening.

"Yes, sir; Miss Hamilton is in the library," said the man who admitted him.

She sprang up with a glad cry at the sound of his footstep, then drew back, her face growing very pale as she recognized him.

He came forward with outstretched hands.

"Miss Hamilton—Lucy!" he began. "I have come to acknowledge my wrong, and beg your forgiveness.

"Oh, my darling, these months have taught me my own heart, and how your image fills it! I cannot tear it out. I was mad that night—mad. Now I am sane, and I am come to fall at your feet, if needs be, if but you will smile your forgiveness into my eyes, and say to me you will become my loved and honored wife."

Thrice she had tried to check him, but in vain.

"Hush!" she said, now very gently. "I am sorry for this, yet glad that I can give you back a portion of my forfeited respect. More, Mr. Francis, you can never claim. My love for you was killed at one fell blow. I thought then that it could never live again for any man, but I have learned differently. I am engaged to be married to Mr. Marston, Mrs. Maywood's brother. I thought it was he when you came. We are to be married next month. It is but just that you should know."

Just? Ay, with the awful justice which made of Reginald's future life so barren and cheerless a thing—just with the justice which made men's praise of Robert Marston's beautiful wife a two-edged sword in his soul—just with the justice of his own outraged love, which, too late, showed him his life mistake!

ANNIE MULLER committed suicide, in Detroit, because her sweetheart gave his trousers to another girl to mend.

I WONDER.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

I wonder who will take my place,
And just what sort of mien and grace
Will be the form—will be the face
That reigns instead,
When my poor head is hidden low
Beneath the mold, the leaves, the snow,
When flow'rs have died, and cold winds blow
Where I lie dead.

I wonder if that one as well
Will think and speak of where I dwell,
And wish to break the fearful spell
That chains me fast,
When all the joys and pains I felt,
While in the self same place I dwelt,
Have fled, as do the snow-flakes melt
O'er me at last.

If I could choose, perhaps 'twould be
Where I have roamed in woe or glee,
To have still sacred kept for me
Each place and nook,
While those I love in life, so dear,
Might fancy still that I was near,
And mem'ry with love's halo cheer
What life forsook.

God knoweth at what time and place
Each of his creatures best can grace
The ranks in Time's momentous race
Where lives must blend.
Ahead of Death we run awhile,
Perchance a step, perchance a mile,
Till, with a scoff, a tear or smile,
We reach the end.

We cannot choose our time to go—
Death comes alike to joy and woe,
And it is well we cannot know
What lies behind.
If those we leave be false, or true,
What matters it to me or you,
If safe beyond that azure blue
Sweet peace we find?

We swiftly follow Death's dark trail,
Till close on Jordan's misty vale
We pause at last to weep and wail
O'er Life's lost chance.
O! steadfast wear Faith's golden band,
And God will take thee by the hand
And lead thee safe through shadow land,
And death enhance.

The Kenton Pride.

BY S. U. W.

For generations people had talked about the Kenton pride.

None inherited the family trait stronger than Jess—the only daughter now living at home—and of a quality the finest.

Some said the young beauty was cold, unapproachable. She often seemed hard, but in truth she was not so. And so came about her long estrangement from Harry Fitzherbert.

Their engagement was generally pronounced very nice, and nobody prophesied any trouble, which proves again the worth of everybody's opinion.

They all went down to the shore that summer—all the Fitzherberts and Jess, with her father and brothers.

The lovers were delighted, as what lovers would not be down at Fairhaven, with the prospect of endless strolls, under a sky of lapis lazuli by the sea.

There were other nice people too at the Mapleton House, and the season promised to be unusually enjoyable.

But alas for mortal plans!

Harry Fitzherbert and Jess had spent but three bright and happy days at Fairhaven, when word came that the idolized child of Jess's eldest brother at Highborough, was sick unto death, and his delirious cry was constantly for her.

"I must go—I must go to little Jack at once?" said Jess.

In two hours the cars bore her and her father homeward.

She went into the confinement of a sick room, from whence no persuasion could draw her for more than three weeks—while the child wanted her.

He had been her pet in the brightness and beauty of health.

Now stricken down, wasted and querulous, she tended him with a zeal which outdid all the others could accomplish.

Finding his grandson recovering, Dr. Kenton went back to Fairhaven.

A fortnight more, and Jess was to be trusted to take Jack down where the salt breezes might bring him back, strength and bloom.

He chose to consider her still indispensable, and she would not leave him.

She had written to Fitzherbert from time to time, and he had responded promptly to her notes.

She longed more than ever for the brightness surrounding him, but she was not unhappy.

As the rose faded from her dimpled cheek, a peace and sweetness bloomed brightly from her heart.

One day, while she was still at her brother's, a letter came from Fitzherbert which read as follows—

"Rosebud,—I write to you to say that I have sent after you by express, the shawl and books which you left. I have the megrims; I guess we all have since you left. A month of apprehended loneliness was turned into one of the happiest by your arrival and stay here. I cannot say how much I regret your departure. Miss Walton will be down next week, but the season's waning, and business will soon call me home. Don't forget me until I can see you again to thank you in person for all your kindness.

"Affectionately,
"HARRY."

Jess read the letter to the end before she comprehended that it was written for another woman.

Then the sheet dropped from her fingers as though it burned her.

She took it at length from the carpet to inclose it in an envelope, with a few chill lines, remarking that Mr. Fitzherbert had probably placed his letter in the wrong envelope, and sent it to Harry.

Unfortunately the letter thus sent never reached Harry.

He waited a fortnight for Jess to come, and then came to Highborough, his holiday ended.

The girl had incased herself in that huge Kenton pride.

Before Harry could call at her home he met her in the street of the old town, and she passed him, to his astonishment, with a frigid bow.

He drove out that evening; Miss Kenton was not at home.

Next evening he went to the military ball, expecting to meet her.

Jess looked him full in the face, refused to dance with him, and soon after left the hall.

Now Harry Fitzherbert had his full share of pride.

Conscious of no wrong done his betrothed, he resented with all the strength of his nature Jessie's abominable behavior.

Having no sister of his own he took the cars and went to the city one day to confide to Clara, his brother's wife, whom he liked exceedingly, how shamefully Jess had treated him.

Clara was all sympathy, and tried to suggest means for a reconciliation, but he would listen to none.

"I have given her no reason to be offended with me. I could not. Heaven knows I loved her. And to be scorned—cast off like a wornout glove."

"I don't know her; I only wish I did," sighed Clara.

Nothing could comfort Harry, but it had been some relief to pour out his woes into sympathetic ears, and the next day he went back to Highborough.

It passes belief how very, very wretched two lovers can make each other.

All the winter Harry and Jess met in society—for he would not go to her house again—and people said that the engagement was ended, and they were as strangers to each other.

But strangers never quivered so in every nerve at a glance aside at each other's face—never wasted sleep and strength, longing for a glimpse of the other's beloved figure, to separate after the chance meeting, sick with pain.

Summer came again.

Jess was ill, Dr. Kenton said, and he took her down to Fairhaven, and left her with her elder brother and his wife, who were there with little Jack.

The boy was a great comfort to Jess.

The love of a tender and artless little child is sweet indeed.

Jess used to go first every morning to Jack's crib that she might begin the long blank day with the bit of comfort there was in his glad eyes and ready kiss.

I cannot say just how it was, but when Jess had been at the Mapleton House a week, Harry came down there.

Perhaps his physician had ordered it.

He certainly looked ill enough to be in a doctor's care instead of knocking around among the fishermen, exposed to all sorts of weather.

He seemed to seek the wildest scenes and all the dangers within his reach.

No one ever saw him in the ball-room; he was hardly ever at meals.

Yet not a day passed, I think, that he did not catch one glimpse of Jessie's face.

It was always cold, and proud, and pale.

The rounded contour and the rose seemed gone for ever.

But one evening she sat in one of the empty parlors looking out upon the sea.

Coming along the side piazza, Harry paused at one of the long windows and looked in.

Still as a statue she sat; he could only see the mass of fair curls and one half-cheek; yet the great tears were slowly rolling, all unseen, down her face.

Little Jack came softly in at the door.

His little four-year-old countenance grew full of concern as he approached his beloved auntie.

"Darling auntie," he said, gently, "why do you cry?"

In a moment, Harry had stepped softly over the sill and knelt down by Jess.

"Oh, Jess, Jess, why will you break both our hearts?" he said.

The ice was broken.

In spite of all, looking into his eyes, she could not doubt him, and told him all.

"Good Heavens, Jess, what terrible pride! Why would you not give me a chance for a word of explanation? Rosebud is my sister-in-law — Clara Dormont, one of the kindest and most unselfish little creatures, whom I have long wanted you to know. Rosebud is the childish name which she still keeps among her friends. She came unexpectedly with her husband, my brother, to Fairhaven. I was so delighted, because I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you when you arrived. I have no sisters of my own to introduce you to, and Clara is worth a host of common girls. But before you came she went—called to the city by the ill-health of her mother. In her haste, she left a shawl and some books, which I sent her. I had been dull enough when she came, and, pitying my forlorn mood, she took unusual pains to make me forget my disappointment—that is, she allowed me to talk to her continually about you—to sound your praises in her ears until I should have thought she would have been quite sick of both of us. But she probably was not. She is very patient and sympathetic, and wished exceedingly to meet you. You probably misdirected the letter you sent me: and the other was only a line, asking when you were coming to Fairhaven. Clara has but one fault, and it is procrastination.

"She saw the note was not very important, but probably intended to inclose it for me, postponed doing so, and forgot it."

So it proved.

But before that, Jess had asked forgiveness, and been forgiven.

The rounded contour and the rose came back to her cheek, and the light of happiness to her dark eyes.

But her heart was chastened.

She had learned a lesson of her suffering.

She is more patient and generous to others now, and says too much pride is worse than none.

THE END OF THE WORLD.—To go no further back a Lutheran divine foretold the "end of the world," which was to happen in 1583. On the day appointed, while he was preaching, a sudden tempest arose, during the raging of which his hearers remained perfectly quiet, having all faith in the prophecy. But as the storm subsided, quite disappointed in their expectations, they tore the preacher from his desk, and gave him a severe flagellation for his *mistake*.

In the year 1761, two men at Cologne having reported that they had just arrived from Damascus, were visited by the Jesuits of the former place, with whom they conversed in the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Greek, and Latin languages. They came, as they affirmed, by order of heaven, to call men to repentance; and stated themselves to be prophets, and *only* 700 years of age. They predicted among other things, the destruction of Constantinople in 1768; the inundation of England in 1769; an earthquake throughout the globe in 1770; the fall of the sun, moon, and stars in 1771; the conflagration of the whole earth in 1772; and finally the general judgment in 1773. We believe they proceeded no further in their predictions.

Countless sooth-sayers of this description have at different periods endeavored to disturb the peace of the world by foretelling its sudden ruin. Among them one Bell, a religious enthusiast, about half a century since, pretended to foresee the end of the world; but having retracted before the time arrived, people allowed their fears to subside. Napier, the ingenious inventor of logarithms, suffered himself to be affected by a similar delusion, and also foretold the end of the world at a certain date; which period, however, he happened to outlive. Whiston, the mathematician, predicted, not the destruction of the earth, but the actual advance of the millenium at a period which he chanced nevertheless to survive.

HISTORICAL ANIMALS.—Montaigne has written in praise of his cat. Cowper has left a most circumstantial account of his hares—Puss, Bess and Tiney. The ancient hermits were great lovers of animals, and the fawn of St Giles and the robin that built in the head of St. Kurlief have been remembered in their legends. Even practical Benjamin Franklin did not disdain to write an epitaph for the pet squirrel of a friend. Less interesting creatures than squirrels have been sung about by poets; the insect that appeared on the fair neck of a famous French beauty at a court festival formed the subject for several effusions from her admirers. The favorite dog of Agrippa the great magician was an actual reality, and the philosopher's servant, was so hurt at the unjust aspersions cast on this worthy animal by superstitious folk who believed him to be a demon, that he earnestly protested against this mistaken idea. "He was a real natural dog. I have often led him about by a string and called him by his French name, Monsieur. I wonder authors can write so absurdly about his vanishing after his master's death." "Monsieur" was more fortunate than a poor horse who was burnt with its master by the Inquisition because the latter was a conjuror, and the animal had been trained to tell fortunes by cards. Some animals have become celebrated through the misfortunes of their owners rather than through their own merits. The sad list of "prison pets" comes into this category; the spiders, the rats, the mice that amused a captive's weary hours. Two spiders live in history and legend; the one whose persevering efforts to regain its broken web preached a lesson of hopefulness to Robert the Bruce in his dire need; the other, chronicled by the author of the "Acts of the Saints" as having hidden St. Felix from persecutors by spinning a web across the entrance of the cave where he lay concealed. There is a tradition that a spider once rendered a similar good office to Mahomet when escaping from his enemies.

THE fashion among girls just now is to tip the head to one side, especially while pretending to listen interestedly to a man's talk.

OUR readers will please bear in mind that our personal experience, supplemented with testimonials from several thousand readers of THE POST, of the remarkable results produced by The Frank Siddalls Soap, and the Frank Siddalls way of using it, warrants us in advising *every reader to give it a trial*. If you have omitted reading the Frank Siddalls advertisements which have appeared in THE POST, you should look them up in the back numbers. Everybody should read the new one which appears in our next issue.

Scientific and Useful

TO KILL COCKROACHES.—A teacupful of well-bruised plaster of Paris, mixed with double the quantity of oatmeal, to which add a little sugar (this latter is not essential), then strew it on the floor or in the chinks where they frequent.

CORN AND COB.—A patent has been granted to a Baltimore man for a machine for cutting corn from the cob, to take the place of hand labor. The machine, run by hand power, will clean fifty cobs per minute, while the most experienced hands in the business can clean but two or three in the same time.

THREAD FROM WOOD.—The manufacture of thread from wood, for sewing and crochet purposes, is found so far practicable that an establishment for the industry has been started in Sweden. The system pursued is to wind the threads in balls by machinery, either by hand or steam, which with the labelling, takes one minute twelve seconds per ball.

RUST.—To keep machinery from rusting, take one-half ounce of camphor, dissolve in one pound of melted lard, take off the scum and mix in as much fine black lead as will give it an iron color. Clean the machinery, and smear with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with a soft linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

USEFUL BLACK.—A brilliant black is produced on iron and steel by applying with a fine hair brush a mixture of turpentine and sulphur boiled together. When the turpentine evaporates there remains on the metal a thin layer of sulphur, which unites closely with the iron when heated for a time over a spirit or gas flame. This varnish protects the metal perfectly, and is quite durable.

ELECTRICITY AND ALCOHOL.—Electricity is now employed in the rectification of inferior alcohol. The electricity is generated by a Voltaic battery and a dynamo-electric machine is passed through the alcohol so as to disengage the superfluous hydrogen. By this means beet-root alcohol, which is usually very poor, can be made to yield 80 per cent. of spirits, equal to that obtained from the best malt.

CORK-SOLES.—Cork-sole boots, while admirable for walking purposes, do not make for children suitable shoes to wear to school, where the child must sit with them on all day. They heat the feet unduly, rendering the wearer liable to take cold on going into a lower temperature. For school purposes a good walking shoe with double sole, to be worn with rubber overshoes in rainy weather, is preferred by many persons. The overshoes should be removed immediately on entering the house.

Farm and Garden.

VEGETABLES IN WINTER.—To keep beets, carrots and turnips from wilting it is a good plan to put them up in barrels with heads, or to pile them in the cellar about four feet deep and cover the pile with a little straw or course litter, to prevent evaporation. If the cellar is kept cold they will not sprout and grow; but this is not always easy to do, as mild weather approaches in spring, at which season a good pit keeps the roots in better order than any cellar can do.

TRANSPLANTING GRASS.—A correspondent has tried an experiment in transplanting grass, which he thus describes: "I cut a barrel of blue grass sod, and with a spade chopped it into pieces about two inches square. I took these in a basket and dropped them where we had sown oats, putting them about two feet apart and stepping on each piece. I find they are all growing, and I shall watch closely to see how long it will be in spreading to cover the ground. If this plan was carried out on a large scale I think the chopped sods could be scattered with a shovel or forked from the wagon and a roller passed over it, and if this was done early in the spring it would all grow."

CHEESE FROM POTATOES.—A German paper says that cheese is made from potatoes there in the following manner: After having collected a quantity of potatoes of good quality, giving the preference to a large, white kind, they are boiled in a cauldron, and becoming cool they are peeled and reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or mortar. To five pounds of the pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added one pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together and the mixture covered up and allowed to lie for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded anew and the cheese are placed in little baskets, when the superfluous moisture escapes. They are then allowed to dry in the shade and placed in layers in large vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheese are the more their quality improves. Three kinds are made. The first and most common is made as detailed above; the second, with four parts of potatoes and two parts of curdled milk; the third, with two parts of potatoes and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheese have this advantage over other kinds, that they do not engender worms, and keep fresh for a number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation and in well closed vessels.

Answer This.

Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, billiousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

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New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Important Notice!

☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

Our Diamante Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

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and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

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In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 22, 1881.

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THE DUTY OF LIFE.

Life has its moments of strength and bloom; its bright moments of inspiration, in which the human artist, the painter of human life, seizes on and utters what is purest, most beautiful and divine. If, in our human life, we acted only then; if then all sacrifices were made, all victories won, there would be but little difficulty in life. But the difficult part is to preserve through a long course of years the flame which has been kindled by inspiration only; to preserve it while the storms come and go, while the everlasting dust-rain of the moment falls and falls; to preserve it still and uniform amid the unvarying changing of unvaried days and nights. To do this, strength from above is required; repeated draughts from the fountain of inspiration, both for the great and the small—for all laborers on earth.

Sometimes through his weakness, man is happy; through his paltriness, he is great. Blinding passion, deluding, erroneous valuations—the fancy that deceives—the feebleness that stops—these are at once the reproach and the glory of life. Wisdom is the crown of heaven; the curse of earth. Virtue, a praise on high; a punishment below. Our condition is human; to approach our natures to the divine, is to oppose the eternal fitness of things. He that puts off his manhood while garmented in life, will be accused. But while we are in life, it is our best happiness, our best glory, our best virtue, our duty to be men.

The earnest man, determined on his duty, wins way for himself, and earnestness and truth go together. Never affect to be other than you are—either richer or wiser. Never be ashamed to say "I do not know." Men will then believe you when you say "I do know." "Never be ashamed to say, whether as applied to time or money, "I cannot afford it," "I cannot afford to waste an hour in idleness, to which you invite me." "I cannot afford the dollar you ask me to throw away." Once establish yourself and your mode of life as what they really are, and your foot is on solid ground, whether for the gradual step onward, or for the sudden spring over a precipice. From these very maxims let us deduce another—learn to say no with decision, "yes" with caution; "no" with decision, whenever it resists temptation; "yes" with caution, whenever it implies a promise. A promise once given is a bond inviolable. A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can be implicitly relied on. This confidence and reliability, founded upon the highest trust, is a realization of the grand duty of life.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE physicians of the world are distributed as follows: United States, 65,000; France and colonies, 26,000; German Empire, 32,000; Great Britain and colonies, 35,000; Italy, 10,000; Spain, 5,000; all others, something over 17,000.

—

THE French Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs is organizing a system of movable or "flying" post-offices. They are so constructed as to be capable of being moved from town to town, and it is thought that, by their means, the temporary strain often experienced at watering places will be met.

—

IT is said that the co-operative stores in Boston will hereafter be conducted on the plan of the civil service stores of England. They promise to deal only in the best articles, and give every buyer 5 per cent. discount from the average market price. Every stockholder will be given a list of forty stores where he can buy goods ten per cent. lower than the ordinary price. One share costs four dollars.

—

SALT was first made in Michigan in 1850, and in that year 4000 barrels were made. In 1880, the Saginaw district controlled by the Michigan Salt Association, manufactured 2,676,588 barrels. There were 342,000 barrels manufactured in the month of June last, and the estimate for this year is about 3,000,000 barrels. The manufacture has increased steadily since 1866, since which time about 19,000,000 barrels have been made.

—

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN witnessed a month ago the departure from her gates of the last post-chaise, and the last postillion that will leave them for many a year. It was the only diligence that remained in Frankfort, and ran to Bockenheim, Hedderscheim, and other neighboring places. Crowds of officials and other persons assembled at the postoffice to witness the departure. As the wheels rolled away, the postillion blew from his horn a touching old tune of farewell.

—

THE largest prison in Europe has just been completed at Berlin. It is destined for prisoners before their trial, and is attached to the courts of justice. The portion set apart for men contains 783 separate cells, and wards for 195 more prisoners in the common; whilst there are 26 isolated cells for men accused of grave crimes. That for woman has only 70 separate cells and 15 large dormitories, giving in all accommodation for 230 accused. The dormitories are divided into "boxes," each containing a bed, and the prisoners are locked in when they retire to rest. Each cell has an electric signal, a toilette set, and is lighted with gas, so that the prisoner can read or write at night, light during the day being provided by a window of ample dimensions.

—

AN English gentleman has had constructed for his personal enjoyment a novel vehicle, twelve feet by six in size, and divided into two compartments, which he calls a "land yacht." The owner's sleeping room is fitted exactly like a yachtman's cabin, leaving the fore part as a saloon, in which accommodation is also provided for a servant. This land yacht is so devised that it can travel either by land or rail, and the owner will make his first "cruise" along the Italian coast.

—

IN order that the rising generation of men in France may be instructed in rifle practice before even they enter the army, a sum of 1,000,000 francs is to be applied by the Minister of War to the purchase of guns for the use of boys in elementary schools. These arms will be similar to the regulation army rifles, but, of course, lighter. Each school is to receive three, of which one will be specially adapted to being taken to pieces for the practical teaching of the principle and construction of firearms.

—

PARIS has more poor than any city in the world. The number of registered poor who have received relief during the present year reaches the number of 354,812, of whom 200,000 receive out-door relief. The number supported wholly by charity is over 150,000. In 1879 every tenth person was a confirmed pauper. The annual poor rate of Paris is about $125 per family. Paris supports 28,000 orphans and foundlings, pays the expenses of 15,000 mothers too poor to support themselves, and has the names of over fifty thousand families on its official lists.

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THE experiment of carrying fresh beef and mutton from Australia to England has proved in one sense a success, and in another a comparative failure. The meat has arrived in perfectly good condition, but the price obtained has not been, on the whole, remunerative, if the reports are well founded. For instance, one large consignment fell upon a market already glutted by the arrival of a previous shipment from Australia and of a large cargo from this country. As a consequence the price fell below the point of profit. One chief difficulty which the business encounters lies in the fact that meat transported in refrigerators such an enormous distance must be disposed of immediately upon its arrival, and cannot wait even a day for a better market.

—

IT is seldom that one hears rejoicing over the prosperity of the liquor traffic, and it seems a little odd and somewhat startling to be informed, with much cheerfulness, by an English trade journal, that the consumption of British spirits during the last decade increased about two-thirds in comparison with the decade before the last. *The Trade* admits a certain falling off in spirits and a stationary condition in beer of late, but protests energetically against this being considered any proof of growing intemperance. It regards this as part of the general industrial depression, and is certain that when the nation finds it has more to spend its "drink bill" will "coevally" augment. Already from certain signs, it "has little doubt that the trade will now enjoy a few halcyon years."

—

EVERY form of entertainment now calls for its special note of invitation. For five o'clock tea the tiny paper and envelope is adorned with a hall clock, the hands pointing to the hour of five, and accompanied by a gypsy table set with a single cup and saucer. A music-stand also indicates the proposed amusement of the visitors. Some of the designs illustrate the subject of the note, in a comical vein, such as "Just a line" will be indicated by a boy fishing, and "Here goes" by a frenzied-looking person, with a pen towering above his shoulder. A tennis menu shows a young girl standing on a lawn, wearing a bonnet shaped from two rackets, with one or two balls doing service for flowers, inside the brim. Another old fancy is a grinning cat's head thrust through a pane of glass, with a frightened bird flying in the distance. For those about to travel there are little engines and steamboats capitally painted, with the names of prominent places written on the side.

—

A MOVEMENT which has just been set on foot by the Association of Railway Employees of Great Britain for a reduction of the period of work to nine hours a day, has met with considerable objection from the boards of directors. It is no uncommon thing at present for signal men and even engine men to remain on duty fourteen and often eighteen hours at a stretch. The opposition to granting the concession asked for is that, independently of the extra expense which the change would cause, great inconvenience would arise from changes in the staff during the working hours. One man, when permanently at the post, gets into all the minutiæ of a complicated routine, whereas the division of the work between two men would, it is said, lead to misunderstandings and probable accidents.

—

THE cyclone of speculation which has swept through this State during the past two years has reached the climax in the formation of the Mutual Birth Association. This, with the graveyard insurance companies and the mutual matrimonial concerns, completes a circle of shameful corporate rottenness, which may easily be epitomized in three words—hatched, matched, dispatched. This society has been organized for the benefit of married people only, and accidents will not be recognized. Policies are payable only after having been in force one year, which reduce the possibility of gambling on a sure thing to a minimum. As in other "insurance" companies of the same stripe, "reputable physicians" must certify the claim of each beneficiary, and swear to the identity of the mother, paternity not being closely inquired into. The amount insured varies from $500 to $3,000, either of which sums is large enough to tempt many persons to commit fraud and crime.

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MANY predictions have been made as to the approaching end of the world, but, unlike most of the prophets, Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, rests his prediction upon the Bible. His Sunday evening expositions of the Book of Revelation are attracting peculiar interest, and the congregations who listen to them are induced by the knowledge that Dr. Crosby is one of the best Greek scholars and Biblical students now living, to place much confidence in his interpretation of a book of very deep mysteries. He is now giving an exposition of the part of the Revelation which relates to the present age of the world. According to his view, but two periods of prophecy remain to be fulfilled—the first extending from the completion of the present period, in 1900, a thousand years, and constituting the millennial age, and the second extending from 2280 to the year 3000, at which time he thinks the end of the world will come. There are few eminent Biblical scholars who venture to announce scriptural authority for a specific date as the end of the world, and therefore Dr. Crosby's prediction will attract very general attention.

—

SCARCELY a week passes without the German newspapers having to record a fatal duel. One of the latest is where a young lawyer's clerk named Waldeck blew his brains out in fulfillment of the conditions of what the Germans choose to call "an American duel," into which he had entered some months ago with a baron whose identity is hidden in the German newspapers by the initial "Von R." A Berlin journal describes the "affair of honor" as follows: The "combatants" drew lots for their lives, the loser solemnly engaging himself to commit suicide upon a certain day. It appears that the 15th of May was the date agreed upon between them for the death of one or the other. Waldeck drew the blank in this inhuman lottery, but failed to kill himself at the appointed time, and twice subsequently solicited a respite from his adversary. His second application was peremptorily refused by the baron in the following heartless terms: "Coward and rascal, I am waiting to attend your funeral!" On receiving this bloodthirsty intimation Waldeck at once shot himself, having recorded at some length in a letter addressed to his parents the circumstances "compelling him to take that fatal step."

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

When dark mists of passion reason have shrouded,
And words of ill-feeling give rise to regret,
Oh, pray that the heart be serene and unclouded,
And lulled by the precept, "Forgive and Forget!"

Though deadly the whisper that blights reputation,
And hard be the struggle to cancel the debt;
Ah! think on the insults that bought us salvation—
Redeemer-like, try to "Forgive and Forget."

Though bitter the feeling when friendship so cherished,
Has proved an illusion with dangers beset—
Though life's dearest treasures have suddenly perished,
With charity, loving, "Forgive and Forget."

How pleasant the feeling! how pure the devotion,
When deep-seated hatred by friendship is met!
And oft will arise a responsive emotion
When enemies see us "Forgive and Forget."

Refuse not forgiveness! when rancor is sleeping,
When tears of contrition the eyelids shall wet,
For God is offended! bright angels are weeping,
When mortals refuse to "Forgive and Forget."

In youth's sunny days if adversity lowers,
The heart will be peaceful though troubles may fret,
And life be a series of rosy-winged hours,
If ruled by the maxim "Forgive and Forget."

A Sister's Treachery.

BY A. S. D.

"I SHALL want some more holly, Martha, bring me my wraps—I will go into the park and get some at once."

The speaker, a young girl of eighteen, tall and slight, with fair golden hair hanging in wavy curls to her waist, was mounted on a high stool, busily engaged in decorating the gilt frame of an old-fashioned life-sized portrait.

"You can't, Miss Franzia," said Martha, gazing out of the windows, against which snow was drifting softly.

"Do I ever care for the weather?" exclaimed Miss Franzia, springing with a merry laugh off the stool. "Come, bring me my shawl, you dear cross thing!"

"Dressing up them things, too, as in the sorrow of the house!" grosned Martha.

"Never mind—perhaps it will propitiate them," said her young mistress. "It is the only bit of Christmas I shall get," she added, plaintively.

The old servant's eyes filled with tears; to hide them she hurried from the room to fetch the shawl, muttering, "As if Miss Ethel couldn't have asked her there, and have given her a chance of lifting the curse as she didn't do it herself! But no, not she! She's far too selfish, and afraid of Miss Franzia's pretty face coming too near her own! I never could abide Miss Ethel!"

Wrapped up warmly by the faithful servant, Franzia sped across the snow-covered ground to a copse where the holly grew abundantly. The guardian of the Castle, a huge St. Bernard, rushed along by her side, occasionally giving deep yelps of satisfaction.

Franzia Chester was an orphan. The only relative of whom she knew anything was her sister, who was some few years her senior; but she had been married some time to a man much older than herself, who was blessed with a jealous, miserly disposition. He had made it a special condition on his marriage that he "was not to be saddled with any relations," and Ethel, thinking solely of her own comfort, gave the required promise, and left Franzia to do the best she could in the dreary Castle home, with only the old servant for company.

"I do not envy you," Franzia had said, when her sister bade her good-bye. "I have the best of the bargain after all, for I am free." And so Ethel, Lady Selby, had found to her cost, but she was far too proud to own it.

Generation after generation the Todchestors had been falling from their high estate.

The curse of Philip, Lord Kingstone, had hung to them till the ruined Castle and a hundred or two a year between them was all that remained to the last representatives of the house. One possessor, more superstitious than his fellows, had altered the name, in the vain hope of altering his fortunes along with it; but the curse still clung to them, and now all hope seemed over. The Castle was a perfect ruin—there were barely three habitable rooms in the whole building.

The timber had been cut before Mr. Chester died, and the value of the land had fallen greatly in consequence; though, as to selling it, even Ethel, with all her selfishness, would not hear of that, and, when Lord Selby first proposed it to the sisters, Franzia turned upon him like a young lioness, crying—

"Sell Chester! Never! We are poor enough, Heaven knows, but we are Chesters still. Nothing can change that." Whereupon the shrivelled old peer turned away in wrath, informing his bride-elect that he never wished to see her very ill-tempered sister again.

On Franzia's return to the castle, Martha met her at the door, looking very mysterious.

"A ghost!" whispered the young girl, putting her bright, cold cheek against the old woman's withered one.

"Nonsense, little missy," returned Martha, vainly trying to look cross. "It is the Rector's lady that has called upon you. She's in the library. Let me take all this rubbish, and help you off with your shawl."

"No," said Franzia, drawing herself up. "Mrs. Archer must see me as I am. They have never thought me worth the trouble of calling on before."

Scarcely waiting to shake off the snow, Franzia entered the library. A dark-haired little lady was seated in front of the fire, with a book on her lap; a black hat with a long black plume in it lay on the floor, a pair of driving gloves keeping them company. With her arms full of holly, the pushed-back scarlet hood of her wrap displaying her wealth of golded hair, Franzia stood, watching her visitors, and thinking how nice it would be to have a companion to love and chat to in the long lonely winter evenings.

"I had an idea that I was not alone," said the lady, looking up; and then, rising hastily, and not heeding the book which fell to the floor, she came forward with outstretched hands. The bright, merry face, upset all Franzia's dignity; the holly was thrown down, and she met her visitor halfway.

"You are Mrs. Archer?" she said, questioningly.

"No," replied the young lady, with a little laugh—"only her deputy. I am Kate March, her visitor. Poor Mrs. Archer is far too great an invalid to brave such weather as this; but I don't mind it. So Valentine drove me to the gates, and will call for me presently."

"You see I don't know much of my neighbors," said Franzia, blushing. "Have I kept you waiting long?"

"I think I arrived shortly after you left," Miss March answered, and then added, "You will like the Rectory people very much when you know them."

"Thank you. How I must have exhausted your patience!"

"Not at all. I only hope you will not think me very intrusive for waiting when I found you were out, but Valentine had gone—he has some business to do in the village. I am afraid"—and she looked at her watch—"I must ask you to tolerate me for another half-hour yet."

"I am very glad to see you," admitted Franzia, simply. "No one ever calls upon me, and I have no relatives left—at least only one, my sister—but she is married."

The pathos and scorn blended in Miss Chester's voice gave Kate a tolerably clear idea of the real state of matters, but she only said—

"I see you intend to keep Christmas after the old fashion," pointing to the decorations. "May I help you?"

"If you like—only I must warn you that my servant thinks I am doing a very shocking thing, and, if she discovers you aiding me, she may set you down in her bad books. She calls those pictures the curse of our race."

Miss March laughed. "Thereby hangs a tale," she said. "Pray tell it to me, if you do not object. I so delight in old legends."

"Not in the least. I do not put much faith in the legend myself. All I ask of you is that you will not unmercifully quiz my style of narrating," returned Franzia, gaily.

"I am quite willing to promise you that I will not be so ungrateful; so please begin." And Franzia at once commenced her story.

"In 1320 this was a handsome residence, Norman in style, with a tower at each wing. It formerly occupied a considerable space, but time and neglect have robbed it of size as well as grandeur. The ivy has grown so thickly in places that the stonework has given way, and there is very little left of the towers. The castle once boasted a grand banqueting-hall with a handsomely-carved oakwork ceiling. In the passage connecting the dining and drawing rooms a small room is still to be seen in the thickness of the wall; this was intended for the accommodation of a porter or sentinel. The drawing and hall rooms were splendid apartments, large, and lofty, with richly-painted ceilings resplendent with flowers and *cupidons*. Above these rooms was the private chapel, upon which art and money had been lavished unsparingly; adjoining it were the chaplain's rooms, and the picture-gallery, a lofty but narrow apartment running the whole length of the left wing. In it rare pictures and articles of *virtu* were collected—for the then owner of Todchestor was a man of cultivated mind who had been much abroad. He was married twice—first to a Spanish lady of great beauty, who died in the second year of their marriage, leaving him one daughter, and afterwards to Mrs. Mary Fanshawe, a lady celebrated about the Court for her wit and grace—but she too died early, leaving him another little daughter, scarcely three years old. The children were sent to a relative in France to be taken care of and educated, and Sir William devoted himself to politics—a dangerous field of enterprise; but he managed to steer clear of difficulties, and was generally in high favor with his party. Geraldine and Mary Todchester was severally sixteen and twenty when they returned, under the care of their aunt, the Lady Eleanore Percy, to England. On their first appearance at Court they were surrounded by admirers. Some swore by the angelic beauty of Mary, and wrote sonnets about her golden hair and blue eyes; but the greater number raved about Geraldine's raven tresses and ruby lips, pouring forth wild, impassioned songs of adoration. Two such uncommon beauties could not fail to attract the attention of the too-easily fascinated king, and their fate might have been a very different one had not Henry's attention been entirely engrossed by the charms of Lady Ann Boleyn then at the zenith of her beauty and power."

At this juncture the clattering of hoofs sounded in the avenue, and Miss March rose.

"That is Valentine," she said, making a little grimace. "I suppose it won't do to keep him waiting; but I wish he had not been in quite such a hurry this time."

"I am sorry you must go," confessed Franzia.

"I shall come again soon to hear the remainder of the story," said Miss March, hastily drawing on her gloves. "But I must not go without giving you the message I came expressly to bring. Mrs. Archer is very anxious to know you. Miss Chester, and begged me to extort a promise from you that you will come to her party on the twenty-ninth. Will you?"

"A party!" Franzia's heart beat fast, and the red color mounted a pleasure-flag in her cheeks. She had never been to a party. Suddenly her face changed. "I am afraid—it is very kind," she stammered.

"I hope you are not going to send me back with a refusal!" exclaimed Miss March. "If you do, I shall certainly lose my character."

"For what?" asked Franzia, with a little smile.

"Why, for persuasion. They tell me I can coax anything out of anybody."

"Then I suppose you must coax a 'Yes' out of me," said Franzia, merrily, resolving in her own mind to write a refusal; and then, feeling she had not been very gracious, "Please tell Mrs. Archer," she said, "how very kind I consider it of her to have thought of me."

"That is right, dear; I am glad you will come," said Miss March, shaking hands for the second time. "We will send the carriage for you at six. Good-bye."

Franzia watched her drive away, and then turned into the kitchen to give Martha an account of the visit.

"There is company staying at the Rectory, I know," announced Martha, looking pleased. "You mustn't say you wont go, little missy."

"How can I go in this thick gown, or my shabby old black silk, among all those fine people?" inquired Franzia, with a lump in her throat. "There are only a few shillings of the quarter's money left, and they must last till the new year."

"Never you mind, dearie," said Martha, tenderly stroking Franzia's bright hair. "You go back to your decorating, and let me sleep upon the difficulty; perhaps the morning may bring a good thought."

Franzia went back to the library in no mood for decorating; and, sitting down disconsolately before the fire, she fell into a deep fit of musing. Unheeded the holly lay scattered on the floor; the short December day faded into darkness; outside the wind had risen almost to a hurricane, and the snow hid the lower window-panes. The firelight, always cheerful, danced and flickered on the partly-decorated pictures, and on the fair head bowed so sadly before it. At last, weary of play, it died down, and the room was left in semi-darkness. A deep sigh awoke Franzia from her reverie.

"Martha!" There was no answer. "Perhaps it was myself," thought Franzia.

Another deep sigh floated through the room, and a voice, seemingly close beside her, sobbed out, "Rest—rest—rest!"

Starting to her feet, young girl listened intently. There was not a sound but the roaring of the storm and the occasional fall of a cinder on the hearth. Trembling and white, she fled from the room.

"Martha," she said, entering the kitchen hastily, "will you serve me my tea here? My fire has gone out."

"Surely, missy; but I can light the fire in a minute, if you like."

"No; I will stay here," decided Franzia, wearily.

Martha looked up from her work on hearing the unusual tone.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Franzia?"

For answer Franzia laid her head on the old servant's lap, and burst into tears. Martha was alarmed, and soothed, scolded, and caressed her young mistress much as a nurse would a tired child. A thought struck her.

"Why don't you write and ask Lady Selby to send you a gown, dear? She must have heaps of fine clothes."

Franzia's tears dried at once.

"Wear any of Ethel's cast-off garments?" she said passionately. "I'd rather not put on a gown at all!" And then the fierce tone changed. "Lend me one of yours," she said, with a saucy little smile.

Martha returned the smile, and patted the little white hand on her lap.

"Will you give me a holiday to-morrow, Miss Franzia?" she asked, after a while.

"You silly old goose!" cried Franzia, opening her eyes wide in amazement. "Just as if you don't always do as you like—though I can't think where you want to go to."

"Then I will start early; and, as I go through the village, I will send Miss Stiggs up to wait on you," said Martha, busying herself about the tea.

* * * * * *

Back from her snowy trip came Martha the next evening, looking weary but radiant, with a parcel under her cloak which excited the curiosity of Miss Stiggs to the uttermost.

"Law, Mrs. Martha, you do look done up!" she exclaimed, coming forward, and officially divesting her of cloak and umbrella. "And froze too, you are, no doubt; but there's a cup of hot tea all ready for you, which I prepared myself. So do sit down here in the warm and have it."

"Thank you," said Martha, civilly. "I think I will take this up to Miss Franzia first."

"Calicoes?" queried Miss Stiggs, pinching the parcel.

"No," said Martha, shortly.

"Oh, I was merely going to offer my humble opinion. I am somewhat of a judge. Silks perhaps?"

"You must ask Franzia, if you want to know what's in that paper, Miss Stiggs. It's her parcel, not mine." And Martha took it from beneath the inquisitive fingers, and went up-stairs.

On a low stool by the fire Franzia sat reading. Martha's entrance disturbed her, and she looked up quickly.

"I thought it was Stiggs. How glad I am you are come back!" she said. "I believe I've heard the history of every cold Stiggs has ever had."

"She is a chattering body; but I am sorry she has worried you, missy."

"Oh, no, she has not," returned Franzia, indifferently.

"She is disappointed about the party," thought the old servant. "Pretty dear. I'm right glad she will be able to go."

"Miss Franzia, I hope you won't be offended——" So far Martha got, and then stopped short.

"Offended at Stiggs!" cried Franzia, with a little laugh.

"No—with me, missy."

"Why should I be offended with you?"

"Miss Franzia, I couldn't bear your not going to the party next week; and so, when I was over at Barnes for myself to-day, I just got this; and I hope you won't mind, as it's Christmas. I don't mean rudeness, dearie. I'm only like that servant you was reading to me about the other day—just a foolish body, that's all—so please excuse the liberty."

Leaving the parcel on the table, Martha hurried away.

In much amazement Franzia unfolded the paper, and discovered a roll of white muslin. A hot flush of pride crossed her face, and she turned away half angry. For a few moments she stood looking from the windows, fighting with herself.

It was bitter indeed to have come to such poverty as this—to need a gown when her sister rolled in wealth. It were better to work than suffer these humiliations. Already Ethel had cast her off. She could do no worse if she went into the world to earn her daily bread. Turning hastily round, Franzia fancied she saw a lady bending over the muslin on the table—a lady with a white sad face, large wistful eyes, and a mouth half glad, as though some inborn hope had provoked a smile. Only for a moment the fancy lasted, and then a wild cry rang through the room, and Franzia sank to the floor.

"What is it, my dearie?" cried Martha running in, and taking the young girl in her arms. "Hush, hush, my lamb! You mustn't cry like this—you'll hurt yourself. There, lie down on the sofa, and keep still a while. You'll feel better soon."

So the old woman crooned, smoothing the hair from the girl's hot brow, and gently chafing her hands. After a while Franzia grew calmer and sat up.

"How stupid of me!" she said, smiling faintly. "Did I frighten you very much?"

"What made you ill, dearie?" asked Martha.

"I had a head-ache, dear old woman," she said, kissing the faithful creature, "and I had been thinking. Don't mind me—I am all right now."

"You weren't upset with me, Miss Franzia?"

"No, indeed. How could you think so? Thank you for your Christmas present. You must help me to make the dress, and when I am married, Martha, I will give you a silk gown that will stand by itself."

"Then I hope you may find some one at the Rectory, missy," said Martha, with a smile.

"Who knows? Perhaps I may," returned Franzia, lightly.

"I only wish it may be the Mr. Kingstone who is to take the curse off the house," muttered Martha. "For as sure as I've a head on my shoulders Miss Franzia's seen the Chester ghost, though she won't own it; and some misfortune's nigh us."

No; Miss Franzia would not own to having seen the ghost—indeed she did not believe she had. "The shadows in the half-light misled me," she told herself, and bravely tried to forget the occurrence in the excitement of getting ready for the party.

* * * * * * *

"Who is that lovely girl in white?" asked a gentleman leaning against a window of Mrs. Archer's drawing-room.

"The one talking to Lady Sussex?" said his companion, Miss March.

"Yes."

"That is Franzia Chester."

"Will you introduce me?"

"If you like."

"The one talking to Miss March, by the window," Lady Sussex was saying to Franzia. "Do you see which I mean?"

"Yes. He certainly is handsome," replied Franzia.

"Excessively," said the lady, emphasizing the word. "My girls adore him. But he is quite unimpressionable. It is best so, I suppose, for they say he is dreadfully poor. It is such a pity—he is so handsome, so talented, and has travelled everywhere too."

"How nice?" murmured Franzia, with an envious little sigh at the word "travelled." "What is his name?"

Before Lady Sussex could reply, Miss March claimed Franzia's attention, and introduced Mr. Kingstone.

The name escaped Franzia, but in the course of the evening she heard Mrs. Archer call him Valentine, and in describing the party to Martha she dubbed him Mr. Valentine.

The time sped quickly after he had seated himself beside her. She had never met with any one so clever or entertaining before, and when, as she took leave, Mrs. Archer made her promise to come to see her very often, Franzia hoped she might meet him again.

* * * * * *

"I think it is much worse for men to be poor than women."

The remark came from Miss Chester, who was seated beside Mrs Archer's couch, a few days after the party.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Archer, in smiling surprise.

"Men need so many more things than we do, and poverty is so crippling to energy," was the reply.

"Yet some of our greatest men have sprung from nothing. Making a colossal fortune out of half-a-crown is no myth, you know. There can have been no lack of energy in such cases," said her friend.

"No," admitted Franzia, only half convinced; "but that was so long ago, before competition was so great. Look at Mr. Valentine—he does not want energy; yet he is poor," added Franzia, quite unconscious of his near neighborhood.

"Who told you he was poor?" asked Mrs. Archer, elevating her eyebrows.

"Lady Sussex."

"And she was quite right, Miss Chestor," said Mr. Kingstone, coming forward from behind the window-curtain. "I did not know how poor till a few days ago."

Franzia started, and blushed painfully at his sudden appearance, while Mrs. Archer raised her eyes reproachfully to his face; but he would not meet her gaze.

"I thought it required a lot of money to travel," said Franzia, half questioningly, after a little silence; "and you have seen so many places."

"Living is so cheap abroad," he explained, "and walking is a very inexpensive way of traveling."

"What are you all chattering about?" asked Miss March, joining the trio.

"Miss Chester is trying to refute the poet's aphorism, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,'" said Mr. Kingstone, wheeling up a chair for the new-comer.

"Don't enter into any learned discussions now, I beg, for I met Mr. Archer on the stairs, escorting the 'learned lord,'" announced Miss March.

Mr. Kingstone made a grimace, and Mrs. Archer exclaimed—

"Lord Sayes! Then he has come to dinner. We must go and dress, Kate."

"Does it take you long to dress?" asked Kate, as she led the way to her dressing-room. Franzia crimsoned.

"I—would Mrs. Archer think it rude if I do not go down to dinner? I have no dress. I did not know there would be company," she murmured, in much confusion.

"Oh, you must go down, dear! Your dress will do very nicely, and I can provide you with et-ceteras. Here comes Morris—she will do your hair."

With the aid of some white lace, Franzia's shabby black silk, under the skilful fingers of the lady's-maid, soon presented quite a different appearance; and when fastened among her curls, the effect was wonderful.

"Will you use any of these, dear?" asked Miss March, tapping the lid of her jewel-case.

"No, thanks," answered Franzia, who had a horror of borrowed plumes.

"It wants half an hour to dinner," said Kate, dismissing her maid. "Shall we sit here by the fire and chat, instead of going down-stairs?"

Franzia acquiesced, and drew up her chair, saying, "What a nice little gossip we had at Todchestor the other day!"

"Did we not? And pray how are the ghosts?" inquired Kate, merrily.

"I can't talk of them," said Franzia, with a little shiver.

"Why, you surely are not afraid? You seemed brave the other day."

"No, indeed, I am not afraid, but——" And then followed the story of Franzia's frights.

"What says that delightful old Martha of yours? She looks as if her belief of 'ghostesses sitting on postesses' would be very firm."

"It is," answered Franzia, laughing, "so I keep my fancies to myself."

"Brave child! My courage would have failed me. Now I want you to tell it?"

"Well I'll do it, if you care to listen."

"I care to listen very much," said Miss March. "So please begin without any nonsense. We had reached the era of lovers. Do you remember?"

Franzia nodded her head, and after a short pause began.

"With beauty, riches, and love at their feet the sisters should have been happy, but they were not; their love had been given to the same person, Lord Kingstone, and a feeling of bitter jealousy sprung up in the heart of Geraldine, for he was her sister's most devoted admirer. He was a man of great talent, a friend of Sidney's and the Earl of Surrey's.

"Mary warmly returned his affection, and the pair had mutually plighted their troth.

"By every means in her power Geraldine showed her preference for the young noble, but he remained obdurate—all her graceful arts failed to bring him to her side.

"Mistress Mary's golden tresses bound him fast, and he declined to see her sister's too evident admiration.

"Inheriting much of her mother's impetuous Southern nature, the girl resolved not to give up her hopes without a struggle. She appealed to him in passionate terms to return, in part at least, the passion that was consuming her, but he lent a deaf ear to her entreaties.

"She swore to be avenged of the slight she considered herself to have received, and quietly waited for a convenient opportunity.

"Mary and her lover were constantly together.

"With Sir William's permission, Lord Kingstone visited at Todchester Castle as the affianced husband of his younger daughter, and the course of true love appeared to be flowing as smoothly as could be wished, for no one recked the bad passions that were surging in the breast of the beautiful Geraldine.

"Fond of art, and proud of his lovely daughters, Sir William had their portraits painted by a celebrated master of his time—Holbein. They were art triumphs.

"Lover-like, Lord Kingstone expressed a wish for a copy of Mary's portrait; but to his surprise, his request met with a decided refusal from Sir William.

"Again and again was his request proffered, with the same results.

"Once he ventured to ask for Geraldine's intercession, but she turned upon him scornfully, saying, since he was so sure of the original, such anxiety for the painted copy was no great compliment to her sister.

"'I will e'en have it without consent, sweetheart,' said the young noble, gaily, to his lady-love. 'I studied painting awhile at the Italian schools. I doubt not I can make a fairish copy of old Hans's masterpiece, and thou shalt keep watch, mine own, that I be not interrupted.'

"Mary, who thought the refusal both needless and unjust, willingly seconded his wishes. An hour was appointed when Sir William and Geraldine would be from home, and the pleasant task was commenced. Little did they dream what retribution their folly was to bring.

"For a while all went prosperously; but at length their secret was discovered by Geraldine's waiting-woman, who, after the practice of her class, speedily made it known to her mistress. The girl's jealous rage knew no bounds. Slighted by the man she loved, her love had turned to hatred. The time was come when she could consummate her vengeance. The next meeting of the lovers was interrupted. Scarcely had Lord Kingstone spread out his colors and commenced upon the now nearly-finished miniature than Geraldine stepped from behind a screen in the gallery and fronted them.

"'A dutiful daughter i'sooth!' she exclaimed, pointing her finger scornfully at Mary who sat near. 'Methought, Lord Kingstone,' she added, turning to him, 'my father refused you a copy of that same picture?'

"'Truly, fair lady, else had I not been here,' he answered lightly, not pausing in his work.

"'I would advise your lordship to turn your talent to better account,' said Geraldine, insolently, 'and apply its proceeds to repairing the somewhat impoverished fortunes of your house.'

"With an angry flush on his face Lord Kingstone sprang to his feet, a passionate reply half parting his lips, but Mary's gentle troubled face calmed his impetuosity.

"'Madam,' he said, bowing contemptuously, 'your wit is unanswerable.'

"He turned to Mary, who had also risen and stood beside him. 'Our work must needs wait on better chance, sweetheart,' he said. 'Wilt thou take the portrait into thy keeping, till it is needed again?'

"In a moment Geraldine had seized a wet brush lying on a chair near. Alas for the miniature! Its wet surface was bedaubed past restoration; a stray tress of golden hair alone revealed what it had been. Enraged beyond bearing, the nobleman taunted her for her jealousy. Words waxed warm between them, and Mary learned at last her sister's secret.

"'If you were a man, madam,' cried Lord Kingstone in a fury, 'you should bitterly rue the insults you have offered me.'

"'It need not a man to avenge my injuries,' she rejoined, fiercely. 'This will do it.'

"A gleam of steel flashed before his eyes; Mary slipped between them, receiving the blow, and with a sharp cry sank into the arms of her lover.

"'Fiend, you have killed her!' he cried.

"Horrified at her act, Geraldine stood as if petrified. Sir William and some attendants, alarmed by the cries, entered the picture-gallery; the cause of the commotion was all too plain. After passionately kissing the pale, cold face of his love, Lord Kingstone laid her dead form in her father's arms, and then he stood before Geraldine.

"'May a curse fall on you and yours for ever!' he said, solemnly lifting his hand. 'May your children wed misery or death! The remembrance of this vile act shall cling to your race till one of thy descendants, fair-haired and blue-eyed as she was'—here he pointed to the dead Mary—'weds for love one of my name, a wanderer and stranger!'

"Without another word or look Lord Kingstone quitted the terrified group.

"Days passed, and, as he was not heard of, search was made for him. In vain! No one ever saw him again, and the title descended to his brother.

"Sir William lived but a short time after the fatal event, and Geraldine married most unhappily.

"Of her seven children only one lived—a boy, who took the title with the estates of Chestor."

"Thank you, dear," said Kate, as Franzia finished. "I like it very much.

"I think the ghosts had better make the most of their time. I see an end to their reign."

Franzia looked at her friend in blank amazement.

"Did you not say the hero's name who is to release the race of Chestor from the 'curse' was to be Kingstone?" asked Miss March, smiling.

"Yes."

"Well, Valentine's name is Kingstone, and, if ever there was a wanderer, he is one;" and Kate laughed.

"Oh, don't!" cried Franzia, blushing furiously. "Besides, I don't believe in the story one bit—especially the latter part; it is too improbable."

"We shall see," remarked Kate, wickedly. "There goes the dinner-bell—we must go down. I don't envy you your fate."

"What fate?" asked Franzia.

"Going in to dinner with the learned p-l-g," whispered Miss March.

"Pray don't unnerve me," said Franzia, looking puzzled.

"Oh, you won't get on badly!" returned Kate, soothingly. "Only don't ask him any questions, or you will get no dinner."

He was not such a bad fellow, after all, this poor little Lord Sayes; pedantic and rather vain he was perhaps, but he was also true-hearted and generous.

"You have made quite a conquest of Sayes, Miss Chestor," said Mr. Kingstone, as they sat down to a game of bezique after dinner.

"Have I?" Franzia interrogated, with a blush and smile. "I do not know how, for I said very little to him."

"Some men prefer a silent woman, you know. I dare say the little boy—I beg his pardon, and yours—Lord Sayes never met with so good a listener before."

"Then I really pity him," observed Franzia; "for do you know, Mr. Kingstone—I am almost ashamed to say it—I scarcely heard a word he said?"

"Miss Chestor! What could you have been thinking of?" he exclaimed, pretending to look shocked.

"Yes," murmured Franzia, "I am afraid it was very rude; but I so wanted to hear how you escaped from the Indians."

Mr. Kingstone smoothed his moustache with a gratified smile, and then bent forward and looked straight into her sweet blue eyes.

"Then it was I who robbed Lord Sayes of his good listener," he said, softly. "It makes me very happy to know it."

Franzia's eyes fell beneath his, and she shuffled her cards uneasily.

"Shall we continue our play?" she said, taking a card from her pack.

Mr. Kingstone laid down a ten.

"Take it! Take it, and declare, Miss Chestor!" exclaimed a shrill voice at the back of her chair.

But Franzia played wrongly, got into inextricable confusion, and Mr. Kingstone was the conqueror.

"I wish I could gain the great prize of life so easily," said his lordship, sentimentally, offering his arm to Franzia, to take her to the tea-table.

"What do you call the great prize?" asked Mr. Kingstone, sarcastically.

"Ah, my dear Kingstone, we all know you are not a lady's man, so I am not surprised you do not understand me."

Mr. Kingstone's brow grew black, and he gnawed his moustaches fiercely.

"I should have thought a musty folio would have been the greatest prize life could offer you," he said, savagely.

"That is all very well in its way, but there are other things equally worth winning;" and Lord Sayes gazed admiringly at the pretty figure he had just seated in an arm-chair.

"How should you like to be the wife of a *savant*, Miss Chestor?" asked Mr. Kingstone. "You would have to be content with the second place in his affectionate regards; his books would take the first."

"I should not like such an arrangement at all," answered Franzia, lightly.

"Of course not," put in Mr. Archer; "but I do not think you need fear it, Miss Chestor. 'Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,' we are told; so I expect he can manage to creep into the study; and, if he does, he will be sure to rule. Sayes, how about those fossilised remains in the Tor Valley?"

The two gentlemen plunged deeply into geology, leaving Valentine a clear field, while Miss March discoursed various goods for Mrs. Archer's delectation.

And thus the Christmas days fled by in a dream of untold happiness to Franzia Chestor.

* * * * * *

With hands fast clasped, as if to retain the last fond pressure on them, with flushed cheeks and drooping head, Franzia sat before the fire on Twelfth Night. She had just heard the whispered story—so old, so sweet, so new—had been shaken by the delicious trembling that thrills the heart when true love takes possession of it, had felt the kiss that told what words could not say so fully or so well. Twilight deepened into night as she sat there, and the silver moon mounted over the trees, and peeped in at the windows.

Down in the kitchen Martha sat, dreaming over her knitting, with a brighter look on her face than was ever seen there before; and, as she folded up her work to prepare tea, she murmured a thanksgiving that the "curse" was ended at last. She little guessed how far away the "at last" was.

* * * * * *

More than a year had elapsed.

Sweet daisies had peeped above the young spring grass; violets had bloomed in the shady hedges; June roses had decked the gardens and perfumed the balmy air; hot suns had ripened the yellow grain and robed the stubble with brilliant poppy flowers.

Apples had strewed the orchard grass; in the hop-garden there had been bustle and activity; silently the trees had robed themselves in sombre browns, mourning the summer days gone past, and then they had strewn their dead beauty on the ground and sunk again into sleep.

Love's year too, like the seasons, had bloomed and faded; it was a dream of the past, sweet but transient.

Life that had seemed all brightness had suddenly changed into the darkness of a starless night.

Franzia, like Shakspeare's Viola, "pined in thought," and found "life's chariot wheels" clogged with wondering memories.

But why had love spread his wings to flight? She knew not; it was all an impenetrable mystery.

Poor lonely child, she had no one to turn to for comfort or sympathy, for Mrs. Archer had been ordered to Mentone, and Colonel March, accompanied by his niece, had joined them. Whether if they had been at home, Franzia would have unbosomed herself is doubtful; pride made her reticent.

Even faithful old Martha had not been taken into the girl's confidence, and could only offer her affectionate sympathy silently. Franzia suffered alone, and the result was "a lean cheek, a sunken eye, and everything about her demonstrating a careless desolation."

Christmas was drawing near; the snow had all melted during the night, and a leaden-hued mist enveloped the landscape. But the weather mattered little to Franzia, who was sitting idly by the window, looking out, but with thoughts far away. Her cheeks were pale, her figure was thin and drooping, her hands, crossed carelessly over some work in her lap, were wasted to transparency. A little lady in deep mourning who stood in the doorway looked shocked at the change a few short months had made in her friend.

"Franzia," she exclaimed, coming suddenly forward, "are you ill, darling?"

"Kate! I thought you were at Mentone! How glad I am!" And Franzia rose eagerly to meet her visitor.

"I was, but this called me home;" and Miss March touched the deep crape of her dress.

"Not your uncle, dear?" interrogated Franzia, gently.

"Yes. It was very sudden. I was partly prepared. I knew he had heart-disease. But about yourself, Franzia? I can't talk of my bereavement just yet. You are ill, dear, I am sure. I left you so bright and happy. What have you been doing with yourself to look like this?"

"Nothing. Do I look so very ill?" And Franzia laughed a mocking little laugh.

"I shall give Valentine a good scolding for not taking better care of you."

"He is nothing to me," said Franzia, indifferently.

"Nothing to you? What do you mean? Pray explain the enigma."

"I mean simply what I say—there is nothing to explain," answered Franzia, coldly.

"There is something wrong, I can see," said Kate. "If you won't tell me, Valentine shall."

"Do not speak to him, Kate. Tell me of Mrs. Archer. Is she better?"

"Much," replied Kate, permitting the forbidden subject to drop. "I think if she could live in Mentone always her life might be prolonged a few years; but she will never be better in England."

"It is very sad for them."

For a little while they sat silent, each busy with her own thoughts.

Presently Franzia leaned forward and touched the cheek of her companion with her lips.

"Kate, I wish I could ask you to stay with me. It must be so sad for you at the Hall; but——" She paused, and looked dubiously round the shabby, half-furnished room with a sigh.

Miss March returned the little caress, saying—

"I could not leave auntie just now, dear Franzia; there is so much to attend to. Edward cannot reach England for seven or eight weeks yet, so much of the business matters falls upon me. But you must come and keep me company. It is what I came to ask. Will you?"

It took a great deal of persuasion from Martha and Miss March to induce Franzia to go to Marchmont Hall with her friend; but Katie's sorrow and a promise that she should see no one overcame Franzia's resolution, and she was carried off in triumph.

The complete change of scene did her good, though she still looked ill. Her spirits revived under the influence of Kate's gentle kindness. Like a wise girl, Kate put aside the skeleton, and never permitted it to intrude in their confidence.

"I shall know all in time," she said to herself. "I can wait a while. When I do know what is wrong, I must try to right it, or at this rate Franzia will worry herself into a fever."

A whole month passed, and still Franzia's silence was unbroken, and her white, wan face was pitiable to see. Kate suddenly discovered that she could wait no longer—her patience was exhausted. So one day she plunged headlong into the fray.

"Franzia, I want you to tell me exactly what is the quarrel between yourself and Mr. Kingstone."

The suddenness of the attack surprised Franzia.

"There is no quarrel," she said quietly. "We parted as usual last September. He was going to some country-house for the shooting, and I have never heard a word from him since."

"Then you have not offended him in any way?"

"No."

"Has he heard of Lord Sayes' proposal?"

"Yes—at least of the first."

"The first? Did he make you a second?" asked Kate, surprised.

"Oh yes—in September—soon after Val—Mr. Kingstone—went away," replied Franzia.

"I suppose you never told any one of that second offer?"

"Nobody but Ethel. She was very angry with me for not accepting him."

"One more question, dear, and I will let you out of the witness-box. Does Lady Selby know Mr. Kingstone?"

"No—I do not think so. Why do you ask, Kate?" And then, rising to her feet, Franzia exclaimed, "Katie, how scornful you look!"

"Why, it was to Lord Selby's house Val went for the shooting!" she said, with a contemptuous curl of her lip.

"But I never told him about Ethel. He may not have known——"

"No," interrupted Kate; "he did not know then that Lady Selby was your sister; but she has enlightened him on that and some other points long ere this, no doubt. Cheer up, Franzia—we will have a happy Christmas yet.

Whilst Kate wished her friend [illegible] to be reflective, was [illegible] happy nor satisfactory.

"I will go and consult aunt before I write to Valentine," decided Miss March, as she crossed the corridor. "I think he ought to be asked for an explanation; and, as I am his cousin, I suppose I have a little right in the matter."

The result of which consultation was that Mrs. March dispatched a note to Mr. Kingstone requesting the pleasure of his company for a few days.

On Christmas Eve morning Franzia wrapped herself up in shawl and wandered out into the park. Kate was busy letter-writing, and Mrs. March never appeared before luncheon.

There had been a fall of snow during the night, and the ground was crisp with frost. It was not an inviting day for a stroll, for the sky was heavy with clouds, and a sharp "nor'-easter" betokened more snow. In the lime-avenue a group of hares, squatting in conclave amongst the dead leaves, scampered off at the first sound of footsteps whilst a bright-eyed robin, twittering a feeble song in a holly-bush near by, spread his brown wings and fluttered after them. Overhead the branches creaked in the chill blast; and Franzia shivered as she drew her wrap closer around her and quickened her pace.

The ring of other steps upon the frozen ground caused Franzia to look up quickly. The figure coming towards her was familiar; turning sharply round, she darted off amid the bushes, and ran swiftly back towards the house.

"He did not see me," was her thought. "I can cross the lawn and go in by the side-gate."

"Lady Sayes!" ejaculated Mr. Kingstone, pulling up suddenly. "Could she have seen me? I think not. I'll take side-way, and so avoid a meeting. It is too bad of Kate, upon my word, after [illegible] lady has treated me. Little thief!"

Breathlessly Franzia sped on; her head seemed whirling round; a mist dazed before her eyes, causing her to stumble repeatedly. The side-door was not open, but she knew it was always kept on the latch; as she put up her hand to lower it, sight and strength failed. Five minutes after Mr. Kingstone also drew near the door, but, seeing Franzia leaning against it, he turned on his heel and went round to the front entrance.

Half an hour afterwards, as he was sitting with Kate in the library, one of the maids rushed in, crying, "Oh, miss, will you come, please? Miss Chester has been found at the gate, and we think she is dead!"

Kate rose quickly; Valentine followed her example, his white lips framing the words "Miss Chester!"

"Remain here!" cried Kate, turning fiercely round upon him. "You are the cause of this!"

"I!"

She hastened away, deigning him no reply, and he found his thoughts most [illegible].

Kate soon saw that Franzia had only fainted. Sending for her maid, remedies were applied which quickly had the desired effect, and with a heavy sigh Franzia opened her eyes. The hat and shawl lying beside her gave Kate a clue to the cause of her attack, but she thought it wisest for the present to ask no questions.

"You must not come down to dinner, dear," said Kate, after Franzia had been comfortably ensconced on the couch in her dressing-room. "Morris shall stay with you, and, if you feel well enough, you may come down to the drawing-room to tea."

Franzia smiled faintly. "There is no need, Kate—better for the nurse to die" [illegible] and she burst into wild hysterical tears.

Morris quietly sent her young mistress away, and devoted herself to Franzia.

Kate hurried down to the library again in a passion of grief and excitement. Valentine still waited there, and to him she unburdened herself, upbraiding him for his want of faith in her friend, for his pride in not bending to ask an explanation, for his cruelty in blighting the life of one so all unused to the world and its hollowness as Franzia; and then her tone changed, and she ended by begging him to give Franzia back the love he had so unjustly taken from her. Pleading for her friend, Kate was eloquent, for herself, she would have been dumb.

"It never has been taken from her," said Valentine. "I have been blind she had deceived me [illegible]; now give me the chance [illegible]! Let me see her, I will tell myself how true my love is."

Pale and wan she looked in the glare of the brilliantly-lighted drawing-room.

When last he had seen her, the roses of health bloomed in all their bright beauty on her cheeks, but they were faded now—pallid lilies had taken their place.

Would he ever be able to bring the brighter hues back? Would the sad mouth ever smile for him again?

For one minute he stood watching her, and in the next was at her feet.

"Franzia, Franzia! My love, my love!" She drew back startled, a red angry color flushing neck and brow.

He rose and stood before her.

"I am Kate's Christmas gift to you," he said, humbly. "Won't you let me explain?"

Without waiting for a reply, he gave her a full account of his visit to Lord Selby's with the news that had [illegible] of her marriage to Lord Sayes, hiding as much as possible Ethel's treachery to her sister. And then once more he pleaded his cause—and won it.

"Well, is the ghost laid at last, Franzia?" said Kate, entering the room with her aunt some time after.

"The ghost!" exclaimed Mrs. March and Mr. Kingstone simultaneously.

"Yes—ghost. Why, Valentine, explain [illegible]" asked Kate, in gay surprise.

"I never heard of one," he answered, looking rather astonished.

"Then you account for that pair?" inquired Kate.

Franzia overcame her shyness sufficiently to ask what she knew about ghosts.

"A great deal," replied Kate; "and I think [illegible] to hear it; so I will relate it, and [illegible] may correct my mistakes."

"Would not Miss Chester tell it best herself?" suggested Mrs. March.

But Kate [illegible] stroking the pale face of her friend, said, "No."

* * * * * *

Franzia was not married till the spring. She waited for her friend, who at the same time was united to her faithful sailor-lover, Edward March.

On the eve of her wedding Franzia wrote to her sister. "To-morrow," she said, "I shall be no longer Franzia Chester, but Franzia Kingstone. Yes, Ethel, after all I am going to marry for love. What your motive was in trying to part us so you did I cannot tell, except that, being yourself unhappy in your married life, you resolved my fate should be no better. I am too happy to reproach you, and I can forgive freely the sorrow which was of your [illegible]. You [illegible], but it is not with I care for him—till yesterday it was a secret to me. Let me thank you for parting with your share of Toddestor; while we are abroad, it is to be thoroughly repaired, and for the future will be called Kingstone Manor. Farewell, Ethel; our paths have long been separated, and the knowledge that has come to me cannot lessen the distance you have put between us."

The Young Inebriate.

BY DAVID HOFFMAN.

IT was many years ago in Virginia. The moon shone into my window with a flood of silvery light. The little wooden clock of mine [illegible] had struck twelve before I retired to rest, but [illegible] to sleep.

A tremendous shriek from the adjoining room had struck a momentary horror through my inmost heart. This was instantly followed by a most unnatural laugh—then by horrid oaths—then by cries of "murder," "fire," "landlord, I am dying, sinking into hell!"—"oh, I am lost, water, water, I am bringing it!" I naturally supposed that the landlord would have been instantly there—but he came not, so I determined to seek him. The moon kindly aided me through a few narrow passages to his door, which promptly yielded to my tap.

"Sir, can you solve this mystery for me?—you seem to have a maniac in your house—a strange alliance, this, of hospital and hotel—have you no means of silencing him, so that I may yet obtain a little sleep? Who, and what is he?"

"I honest, for your sake, as well as his," replied the landlord, "he would have been silent this night, but poor youth, he cannot last many nights more—this is the longest and severest fit I have yet known him to have; it has lasted, with but few intermissions, these few days and as many nights—he is a young gentleman of our neighborhood, of education, wealth, and high family—has not been from college more than two years—his excellent and wretched parents can do nothing with him: he is now under my care; and all this comes, sir, from drink! His disease is called *mania-a-potu*.

"As he slept so little for some nights and days, I thought him so much exhausted before you came, that he would have sunk to sleep, and not have disturbed you; so I [illegible] better to say nothing to you about him.

"There is no relief for him; I dread to give him what he most craves—liquor; it is but fuel to the fires that rage within him: water he asks for, but drinks none of it—and medicines can only be forced upon him, which now seems to be cruel, as the doctor says he cannot live, and that all his remedies have failed.

"He was to have been married before this time, to a lovely young woman hard-by; and could Mary Summers see him, even now, she would break her heart with weeping for she yet [illegible] loves him. He [illegible] a locket of hair, suspended by a black ribbon round his neck, which he would not part with even for liquor, and [illegible] which would [illegible] head and soul too, for a draught—but not [illegible]

We hastened to the sad chamber; and never did eye rest upon a sight more heart-rendering, more loathing.

We beheld a youth of fine proportions, and once of manly beauty, now an emaciated corpse, a miserable wreck of what was man stretched upon the floor, with an empty bottle in one hand, and a fragment of a chair in the other, both held, apparently, with the same force with which they had been seized, perhaps but a few moments before the vital spark had fled. His fine hazel eyes were protruded from their lived sockets—his thin blue lips and distorted features showed how his vexed spirit had struggled with the grim monarch—his glossy brown hair hung in short ringlets, and were beautifully contrasted with the fair complexion of his exposed neck and shoulders, over which also hung the hair locket of Mary Summers!

In hastily casting my eye over the room, I found that every thing within his reach had been broken; and his bruised and lacerated [illegible] showed that [illegible] had waged wrathful combat with some enemies among which were his own [illegible].

We promptly removed him to another chamber, and bestowed on his remains every attention that [illegible] could [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

THE DWARFS' HILL.

BY PIPLIN.

THERE was once upon a time an honest peasant named Rolf, who worked all day hard in the wood, and at even-time came home to his wife Catherine.

One winter's night they gathered round the fire with some neighbors, and each one in turn told a tale of witches, goblins, or what not.

Everyone done his best but the peasant, and he held back, saying, he was a simple man, and knew nothing beyond his work.

The neighbors laughed. "A wise man can't always be told by the weight of his tongue," sneered one of them. Catherine grew vexed, and said, "Rolf, do not make your wife blush for you."

Thus stirred, Rolf unwillingly related how in coming home from work, he had noticed a strange light shining from a hill, and how, on approaching, he had seen that it was made of dull green glass, and that the light shone through it.

In the middle of the hill, he said, he had seen hundreds of little dwarfs hard at work hammering gold, and cutting and polishing the most splendid jewels.

How, the next day, in the morning, he had again approached the hill, but could see no light, nevertheless, he had heard the little hammers and chisels at work, and the noise they made sounded like grasshoppers and crickets in the fields.

"Well," said his wife, "what then?"

"That is all," said the honest man.

"Did you never try to get any of the jewels?" persisted she, raising her voice in anger.

"You married for love, mistress, not for wits," but in a neighbor.

The others laughed, but Rolf did not retort. He rose and said the night was far spent, and that he thought it was time to be going to bed.

The neighbors all went off, but Catharine never ceased reproaching her husband for his simplicity, till he grew angry, and said:

"What do you want with jewels, wife? Are we not happy as we are? Besides, dwarfs' gold never brings luck, and the less we have to do with it the better."

Catharine was not at all satisfied, but she dared say no more; nevertheless, in her heart she resolved that come what might she would enter the dwarfs' hill.

Some time after Rolf had to go a journey which would take him two whole days. He started at daybreak, and directly he was out of sight Catharine put on her holiday dress, locked the house door and set off for the hills, but before she started she cut off one of her silver shoe-buckles.

When she arrived at the dwarfs' hill she heard the noise of their hammers and chisels just as Rolf had described. Then she sat down and began to weep and lament.

After a while the noise ceased and she rejoiced to think that the little men had gone away, when suddenly the hill opened and a dwarf with long grey hair and features of good gave stood before her. "Why do you weep, good woman?" asked he.

"I have lost the buckle of one of my shoes," answered Catherine, sorrowfully, "and can see it nowhere. Oh! how my husband will beat me on my return."

"Dry your eyes, mistress," said the dwarf, "and follow me. I will replace your loss."

Then he led Catharine into the hill and it closed after them.

She was quite bewildered by the crowds of hill-men, who all stared at her before resuming their work, and quite dazzled by the glitter of the gold and jewels around; and the noise which sounded to her like grasshoppers and crickets, made echoed like peals of thunder.

The little dwarf led her to an anvil, and then begged her to lend him the shoe which still had its buckle, that he might make one exactly like it. But this did not at all satisfy Catharine, who cast about how she might get some jewels.

Just then she saw a heap of ornaments which the little men had finished, and which were lying on the ground in the centre of the hall. There were diadems, crowns, necklaces and brooches, and almost at the top was a pair of splendid diamond buckles.

"Pray," said Catherine, "might I exchange my silver buckles for those glass ones?" pointing to the buckles on the heap.

The little man laughed shrilly.

"Ignorant mortal," he said, "those buckles are worth a king's ransom."

"Are there no means by which I might possess them?" sighed Catherine. "They have so taken my heart, that I no longer value my own."

At this the dwarf only laughed again, but when she persisted in her entreaties and even began to weep, his heart was trembled, and he took her before the king of the hill-men.

Catherine trembled when she saw the stern face with which he listened to her request, but she would not desist, and fell upon her knees before him, beseeching him.

After a moment's pause the king said: "The buckles are yours, but upon one condition."

"What may it be, your gracious highness?" asked Catherine, joyfully.

"That you bring up and cherish one of our children for a year and a day in your own home."

"I accept gladly," said Catherine. "Rolf and I are fond of children and we have none of our own. If your royal highness will give me the buckles I will hasten back, for I have many things to do."

"Stay, my good woman," said the king gravely, "understand what you undertake. If you neglect or leave our child during that time, your life and that of your husband will be forfeit; nay, even should you discover that it is one of us, or that it is not always to live with you."

"I promise, I promise everything," cried Catherine, hastily.

"Bring the buckles hither," said the king to his attendants, and he gave them to the woman, adding, "The child shall be sent to you."

As Catherine grasped the buckles she felt herself lifted up by a rushing wind, and in a moment she was outside the hill.

On her way home she held up the buckles in the sunlight, and rejoiced at the beautiful colors which flashed from the diamonds.

"Our fortune is made," she said, as she unlocked the house-door, but she started as she saw a queer figure crouched by the fireside.

It had a large head, covered with tangled locks, small sharp eyes, and an old look on its face, but its body was like a child's.

Catherine had almost forgotten the dwarfs' child, but now she began to repent her bargain, and the diamond did not seem so well worth having.

The elf-child took up all her time. It was a wayward, discontented being, and was never happy away from her side.

When Rolf came home she was obliged to make up a story about having found this poor child alone in the high road, and perishing from hunger, and how she had compassion on it, and had brought it home.

"You did well, my little wife," said Rolf, "though the child is by no means pleasant to look at."

But now their troubles began. The elf-child could not speak, though he made uncouth noises, and his mouth was as large as his appetite.

Months passed, and things grew worse and worse. The elf-child was never out of mischief, and Rolf began to leave his home, and to spend his evenings at the ale-house. Catharine often wept bitterly, and her diamond buckles gave her no consolation; indeed, she had not dared to wear them, lest Rolf should ask questions which she could not answer. Besides this, she never had any rest, for she dared not let the dwarfs' child out of her sight for a moment.

One winter's day Catherine remembered with joy that it was the last on which she was to keep the elf-child, and so light-hearted was she that she forgot to keep so strict a watch as usual upon it. When she looked round it was gone, and she began to hope the dwarfs had taken it before the right time, or that she had mistaken the day.

However, about noon the elf-child reappeared and ate with a heartier appetite than usual, and from its wicked looks Catherine feared it had been playing tricks upon the neighbors. All the afternoon it hung about her and clawed around her neck with its skinny arms so that she could hardly do her work.

When Rolf came home, it began playing strange pranks, and suddenly a fearful storm burst upon the village. Then the elf danced up and down the room. The tables and chairs seemed to move, and the dishes and plates spun round and round upon the dresser. Rolf caught up his stick and was about to strike at the imp, but Catharine hung on his arm and begged him to have patience.

"You are a wicked woman," said he, mad with anger, "and I believe you are indeed a witch." Saying this he flung open the door and rushed out into the storm.

Catherine sank to the ground. The imp ceased his wild dance and crouched down by the fire; the storm now abated, but Rolf did not return.

At daybreak the whole village turned out, and headed by the school-master, surrounded the peasant's cottage, with cries of vengeance.

"Who has bewitched my cows?" cried one man.

"Who has set my rick on fire?" cried another.

"Who brought the great storm last night?" cried the third.

Catherine, half with fear, had barred the doors and windows, but at the cries of "Bring her out, the witch! Bring her out and let us burn her!" the crowd pressed forward and burst into the house.

"Rolf! Rolf!" cried Catherine. "Oh, if Rolf were only here to save me!" At that moment Rolf, who had seen the mob from the hillside, came rushing up, and struggling through the crowd made his way to his wife's side.

"Cowards!" he cried, "no one shall touch my wife while I am alive!" The villagers still pressed on and seized Rolf by main force.

Then the elf who had been standing quietly by, spun round and round, and with his long pointed toes gave the ringleaders such hearty kicks, that they flew head over heels out of doors. The rest turned tail and fled. Rolf stood looking in dismay at his weeping wife and their elfin child, when with a noise like a clap of thunder Lord dwarf and child disappeared.

Then Catherine told her husband the whole story of her greed, and showed him the diamond buckles.

"We have said these," said she, "which we can sell, and then we can leave this wretched place and live like princes."

But Rolf shook his head and said: "I will have nothing to do with dwarfs' gold. As for leaving this village where we were born, you know it would break our hearts. Listen, Catherine, I will tell your tale to the neighbors and show them the buckles, and if they do not at first believe us, be sure we can soon live down our bad name. And you will let me return the buckles to the dwarfs, will you not, dear little wife?"

"Rolf," said Catherine, "you are wiser than I. All shall be as you wish."

Then Rolf showed the buckles to his neighbors and told them the story, but he excused his wife as much as he could. Then he carried the jewels to the glass hill and laid them down. As they touched the ground a little arm swiftly appeared and dragged them in. Then Rolf returned home well-content.

From this day forth everything went on most marvellously with Rolf and Catherine. They had many rosy-cheeked merry little children, and were well-beloved by all the neighbors round.

AT LOVE'S ALTAR.

BY KATHARINE MORTIMER.

"MABEL," said Mrs. Churchill, "Robert Chester is here, do you know it?"

"Robert Chester, here? At the hotel, or in the city, do you mean? How do you know?"

It would not have been possible for Mabel to restrain the glad eagerness in her voice, even if she had succeeded in keeping the delight from her eyes.

"I this minute saw him jump out of his carriage and come in at the general entrance."

"How strange it is that Mr. Chester should come here, of all places. I wonder if he knows——"

She hesitated, then laughed at the look of displeasure on the elderly lady's face.

"I know what you are thinking, Mrs. Churchill. You consider it very bad taste in Robert Chester to bring his bride here under the same roof with me, to whom only this time last year he was engaged."

"I certainly think the gentleman might have displayed better judgment than to subject his wife and yourself to remarks that will probably be made by seeing you together."

Mabel Norton laughed—a little silver melody.

"And I think Mr. Chester is perfectly justified in taking his wife wherever he pleases. I am anxious, very anxious to see her. They say she is a quiet, reserved, plain little thing—such a strange choice for him to make. Oh, yes, I am delighted at the prospect of meeting her and her husband."

Mrs. Churchill looked straight in the laughing, defiant, excited face that drooped towards her.

"Mabel, it cannot be possible—it cannot be for a moment possible that you have the slightest intention of—of——"

Mabel clasped the hand on her beautiful arm, then smiled in a half-sarcastic, half-bitter way.

"Do words fail you in attempting to describe the enormity of my supposed intention? Let me help you Mrs. Churchill, by asserting that it certainly is my very decided intention to renew my intimate acquaintance with my dear old friend. Because he is married is it a reason I am to fly from his presence? If I had not broken my engagement with him, for reasons best known to myself, would his marriage to me have prevented his enjoying the friendship of his former lady acquaintances? And besides, Mrs. Churchill, I am possessed of a curiosity to learn if he has recovered so entirely as he would have me think from his—well, regard for me, and it will be very delightful amusement to test him."

Mrs. Churchill looked solemn and severe—as solemn and severe and shocked as she dare venture to look at the beauty who paid her such a liberal salary, and made her life quite a holiday, in return for the "countenance" and "protection" she gave the dashing young heiress in her summer rounds at sea-side and mountain and spring, and her winter luxury at hotel and theatre and opera.

"I would never have believed it of you, Mabel? How can you contemplate such deliberate cruelty to a woman you never saw, who never harmed you? Mabel, it is a terrible thing for a woman to use her power over the husband of another woman—don't be so heartless, so unwomanly."

"What a fuss you can make over a trifle! As if he doesn't deserve to be punished for so soon being 'on with the new love.' And I consider it very plainly my duty to teach him a lesson. Mrs. Churchill, please see that the ruchings are in my lemon silk for to-night? And if you would take the carriage and go to Delmaine's for some partly brown mfiruno roses. I shall wear only the one color at Mrs. Foster's to-night."

* * * * * *

"Florence, this is Miss Norton. Mabel, my wife."

And Robert Chester looked at the two women and thought how wonderful the fate was that had once more brought him to the light of Mabel Norton's brilliant eyes.

She was perfectly radiant to-night, and her magnificent Worth creation of lemon silk, with the rosebuds in her dark hair, at her fair throat, and supple waist, was especially becoming.

And she looked the triumph she felt as she saw Robert Chester's unmistakable admiration.

She extended her hand, joyously smiling.

Mrs. Chester, I am so perfectly delighted to see you! If you only knew how impatient I have been to offer you and my dear old friend Robert my congratulations. It is not yet too late in the honeymoon, is it?"

She flashed a smile at Mr. Chester, who at once noting how plain and unattractive little wife was beside Mabel's dashing style and magnificence—the style and elegance he had once thought would be his own.

Mrs. Chester looked quietly, almost wistfully in Mabel's eyes.

"It never is too late for honest well-wishes, Miss Norton. Robert and I thank you."

It was in such marked contrast to Mabel's effusive manner.

Mr. Chester took Florence's arm in his, just as Herbert Keen came up to claim Mabel for his promised dance.

"How do you like her, my little girl?"

And Florence clung to his arm closer.

"She is very handsome, dear—the most beautiful woman I ever saw. But I would be glad if you never had—loved her first."

He laughed—then, when somebody had carried his wife off for a quiet quadrille, he took his stand in a convenient corner and watched—Mabel Norton.

That next day Mrs. Churchill went for her drive to the park alone.

"Because I promised to accompany Mr. Chester, and I shall be too tired if I go with you. I'll have my brown silk carriage dress, please."

And Mrs. Churchill laid out the elegant dress.

"I wonder what Mrs. Chester will wear," she said.

And Mabel laughed as she answered—"Mrs. Chester is not going, you dear old goosie! Does it shock you to hear of two old friends like Robert and I venturing alone as far as Hyde Park?"

"Mabel, child! Why don't you see the harm?"

But Mabel shut her eyes to the harm, possible or impossible, and the result was that a flirtation was inaugurated that in its progress made society open its eyes, that made Florence Chester's cheeks grow pale and wan, her sweet eyes grieved and wistful.

Day after day, week after week, saw Robert Chester ardent in his devotion to Mabel, more and more marked in his neglect of his gentle patient little wife, until one time when terrible illness seized Mabel, and she lay prostrate on the sick-bed from which friend and servant fled in horror of the infectious disease, it seemed to Florence that it would be Heaven's justice to remove the barrier to her happiness.

And yet when she saw her husband's agonized face when Dr. Wilson told them in the hotel parlor one night that there was but one chance in ten of Mabel's being saved; when she saw his preoccupied distrait manner, his coming eagerness to hear, verbatim, every bulletin issued from the sick-room, Florence was the only friend who volunteered to stand by Mabel in her hour of trial, because she knew then, if she had never known before, that it was Mabel whose life was more dear to her husband than her own was, because she felt it would be better to die than to live with such a sick, sad heart as she must carry all the rest of the days of her life.

So when Mrs. Churchill had fled in fear, and the servants refused to go nearer the infected room than to deposit food and water, it was Robert Chester's wife who cheered and heartened everybody by announcing her determination to nurse Miss Norton.

"Her life is more to you than mine, Robert, do not tell me it is not. Before I go kiss me good-bye, dear, because, you know, you may never see me again."

Nor could his counsel, or persuasion, or commands deter her from going into the sick-room where, all unconscious of who her cool-handed, thoughtful-headed, tender-hearted savior was, Mabel lay tossing and scorching on her bed, fighting inch by inch for her strong young life.

For days the conflict went on, and then the tide turned, and Dr. Wilson told Florence she had, by skilful nursing and untiring devotion and patient skill, saved Mabel's life.

And then—before Mabel had recovered sufficiently to tell this noble woman whether or not she regretted all the ill she had done her, the terrible disease took its grim hold on Florence Chester, and—she died a sacrifice at love's altar.

Nor was it until her husband looked down on her calm, hushed face, lying on its silken pillow in the coffin, that he realized he had loved her, so gentle, so sweet, so good—loved her as he never had loved another woman, or—could love again.

Not till then, did he understand that it had been only a mad, wicked infatuation he had felt for Mabel Norton, who had indirectly murdered his wife, who in her rapidly recovered health, and strength, and glorious beauty, was an object of hatred and contempt to him, because of the deathless regret that never again would lift its dull pall from off his lonely heart.

THE DELUGE.—There is an old legend which tells us that the Deluge began on the 1st of August, and if it rains on that day there will follow a dampness for forty days.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1881.

HOLMAN PAD CO.,

Gentlemen:—We are glad to bear testimony to the efficacy of the Holman Liver Pad in curing rheumatism and malaria. Not only have the members of our firm been greatly benefitted, but we can assure you that through our recommendation our friends have used them and found them in all cases invaluable.

Respectfully,

DUMONT & SHILLITTO.

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address HOLMAN PAD CO.,

744 Broadway, N. Y.

Grains of Gold.

Scepticism is slow suicide.

Measure a thousand times, and cut once.

The fox goes at last to the shop of the farrier.

Let Justice hold the balance, and Mercy turn the scale.

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the great prerogative of innocence.

A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form. It is the finest of the fine arts.

An indignity endured with prudence has often served as a stepping-stone to the highest honors.

Beware of wicked thoughts. Do not harbor a dangerous thought. Do not put forth an irregular thought.

Courtesy to others—in other words, forgetfulness of self, real or affected, is the basis of all true good breeding.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has plenty; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Never put your feet so far under the table as to touch those on the opposite side; neither should you curl them under nor at the side of your chair.

Vanity is our dearest weakness in more senses than one; a man will sacrifice anything, and starve out all his other inclinations to keep alive that one.

A man is always generous and humble enough to be willing to be forgiven, and the religion which makes no drafts on our bank accounts is very popular.

It is easy to repent after our fortune has been made by questionable means, but to prove your repentance by making restitution, that's a very different thing.

Never spit out bones, cherry-pits, grape-skins, etc., upon your plate. Quickly press them from your mouth upon the fork, and lay them upon the side of your plate.

We strive as hard to hide our hearts from ourselves as from others, and always with more success; for, in deciding on our own case, we are judge, jury, and executioner.

It is not by the amount of knowledge, but of available knowledge, that men's weight and worth is measured; for, to speak truly, a man has no more strength than he can put forth.

A good man, who has seen much of the world and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are—something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

Revenge is a momentary triumph, of which the satisfaction dies at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is by far the noblest of all revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

Whether we truly enjoy any lot in life depends upon the disposition we carry into it. The kind of eyes with which we see, the kind of temper with which we act, will make much of little, or little of much.

Charity is a virtue of all times and all places. It is not so much an independent grace in itself, as an energy which gives the last and highest finish to every other, and resolves them all into one common principle.

What you attempt, do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution in your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what you would appear to be; and if we observe, we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen by the practice and experience of them.

Of present fame think little, and of future less. The praises that we receive after we are buried, like the flowers that are strewn over our graves, may be gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead.

Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time to rest, don't live an hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through with it from beginning to end.

If any one maintains reform as a substitute for Christianity, he attributes to the stream the virtues of the fountain; he ascribes to the arteries the central functions of the heart. For from Christianity beats the great pulse of this world's hope.

A transcendent faith, a cheerful trust, turns the darkness of night into a pillar of fire, and the cloud by day into a perpetual glory. They who thus march on are refreshed even in the wilderness, and hear streams of gladness trickling among the rocks.

Man is the victim of discontent. He either looks for happiness in his recollections of the past, or seeks it in the brilliant visions which his fancy has created of futurity; whereas the present should be the moment of enjoyment and preparation for the future.

How much our appreciation of moral qualities depends upon an esteem for the persons who possess them! That carefulness which in a friend is an honorable prudence, is, in an enemy, a disgusting avarice. That which is here an excellent modesty, is there a wretched cowardice.

Remarkable Change.

The marvelous revitalizing powers of Compound Oxygen is shown in the following report of a patient: "Appetite better; get hungry, and can eat a hearty meal; feel stronger, and can walk with ease and breathe free, even going up hill; sore throat left entirely; chest feels free; cough very little when going to bed, and sleep better; have no cough over night when waking up, and no more bleeding since using the Treatment." Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Paris has but one female physician.

Boston girls of culture in conversing with old tars, always pitch their voices.

Japanese ladies wear false hair. It is to be hoped that the heathenish custom may never reach this country.

A Camden maiden has promised to marry five different men. The papers refer to her as "a promising society belle."

To tell a good onion. Hire your girl to eat it raw, and then call upon her, if the onion is good your stay will be short.

When a young man sees a good opportunity before him he should embrace it heartily. Should she resist that would be her fault.

Ingersoll says: "Treat woman like a splendid flower." Well, men generally do. That is, they toss her away as soon as she fades.

Dear Mrs. Chibbles says, even if a woman has as many locks upon her heart as she has upon her head some cunning rogue would find his way to it.

Mrs. Brown says she knows she shouldn't enjoy the shades of death unless they had lambrequins also. She has become so used to them, you know.

A Roman marriage was performed by the parties accepting the necessary elements of fire and water. The junction typified the union of passion and possession.

They have guessing matches at pic-nics. The girls sit under the trees and guess whether it's a potato-bug or an army-worm that is playing tag down their backs.

"Madame, your fare," said a street car conductor, yesterday. "Well, I don't care if I am," was the reply of the lady from the country, "you needn't say so before all these people."

A Southwark man has discovered a way to make his wife keep a secret. He tells it to her and then asks her to circulate it in the neighborhood, and she keeps forgetting to do it.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of their covering.

There isn't any fairness in this life. If a woman wore a scant bathing-dress she was accused of making a show of herself, and if she wore an ample one she was said to be trying to hide a bad figure.

A young lady who is doing the Alps reports progress to her guardian: "I tried to climb the Matterhorn; didn't reach the top. It's absurdly high—everything is high in this country. Please send me some money."

There are ladies who should be very careful when they eat corn from the cob. At a watering-place hotel last season a lady at dinner made so frightful a bite at the ear that when she released it her upper set of false teeth came with it.

There is a gentleman at present in Jersey who is so forgetful of faces, that his wife is compelled to keep a small piece of plaster on her cheek, that he may distinguish her from other ladies; but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

Lord Dundreary thus gave his opinion with regard to the much-vexed question—marriage with a deceased wife's sister. "I—I think," he says, "marwage with a dethearted wife's thithter is very proper and very economical, because when a fellah marrieth his dethearted wife's thithter, he—he hath only one mother-in-law."

What is thought to be a dangerous person in Canada may be inferred from this statement of a Toronto paper:—"An insane young man, named George Reid, from Watford, has been arrested as dangerous. His mania appears to be to ask all and sundry women to marry him. He offers a trip to England as one of the advantages of an alliance with him."

A lady recently departed in great haste from Long Branch one Saturday morning. She was resplendent in silk, laces and diamonds, and made the remark at a table just before she left that she wanted to do some shopping but would be back on Monday morning. After she had gone one of the little girls remarked, "You see there's a rush of trade on Saturday night, and ma's gone up to help pa tend in the store."

Who but woman—when Judas betrayed, and Peter denied, and the weary slept, and the fearful fled—could summon energy to linger around the cruel and despised spot, to mingle the tears of pity with the blood of suffering. Who but woman, when man turned coward, and his trust grew faint, could stand until the last by the dying Saviour, and then go trim the lamp of her devotion at the door of his sepulchre?

Happiness between husband and wife can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The heart demands that the man shall not sit reticent, self-absorbed, and silent in the midst of his family. The woman who forgets to provide for her husband's tastes and wishes renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever-present and ever-demonstrative gentleness must reign, or else the heart starves.

A prudent and careful member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice: "John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married soon." "Yes," replied John, "I am. "Well," said the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife I was worth fifty dollars, and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd dollars."

The Denver girls know their rights and know how to maintain them. One of them grew tired waiting on the tardy youths of her acquaintance and advertised for proposals of marriage. Her father was opposed to the proceeding, and published a card to the effect that the advertisement was a foolish freak, and that it should not be regarded seriously. This was followed by a public statement by the daughter that she was of legal age, and being fully competent to choose a husband for herself, had adopted that plan, and meant to carry it out her own way regardless of opposition.

News Notes.

The muff must match the bonnet or hat.

Flowers made of china are a new device for bonnets.

Ohio has furnished three Presidents of the United States.

Jay Gould controls 7,000 miles of railroad, valued at $140,000,000.

The first swine brought to this country was imported by Columbus.

Nearly all the ice imported into Great Britain comes from Norway.

Black bonnets of rich satin, thickly covered with jet, are very stylish.

To tell good eggs put them in water; the large end turns up if they are not fresh.

Secretary Kirkwood has appointed a thoroughbred Indian as a clerk in the Indian office.

The autograph of Martin Luther was recently sold for $55, and that of Voltaire for $220.

Fashion says that gentlemen's visiting cards must be larger this winter than they were last.

In a single year diamonds to the value of $17,500,000 have passed through the Cape Town post-office.

A new style of hair ornament is to stud the coiffure with single pansies and diamond marguerites.

An ex-slave in North Carolina is the owner of a plantation of 1,200 acres, on which he has fifteen tenants.

Succotash is an Indian word, and originally meant a dish prepared by cooking together green corn and green beans.

New Orleans has six women to every five men. This is said to be a greater excess than in any other city in the Union.

A Western exchange insists that when Secretary of the Interior Kirkwood lived in Iowa he smoked a corn-cob pipe.

The red and yellow banana are not different species. All bananas are naturally yellow, and are made red by grafting.

Vaccination, as practiced in China has a peculiar feature—the subject is not operated on in the arm or leg, but in the nose.

A woman who was accidentally wounded in the hand by a rifle-shot from a boat of a British gun vessel, has received from the Government $1,000.

Col. Grayson, of Iowa, who passed through eighteen battles in the late war, was killed the other day by sucking a bean down his windpipe.

Dean Stanley's penmanship was so abominable that the printers once turned "Halo of the Burning Bush," in his MS., to "Horn of the Burning Beast."

In a garden at Starkborough, New York, is a pear tree 110 years old. It bore this season five bushels of pears, and promises to outlive another century.

Complaints come from the corn-fields in some sections of North Carolina that great injury is being done by thousands of squirrels that have appeared in them.

Over 3,000 women are employed in the railway offices of Austria. They get from $15 to $30 a month. Nearly all of them are widows of defunct male employes on the different roads.

They are saying that the late Lorenzo Delmonico died from too much smoking. He had his cigars made in Cuba expressly for himself. They were enormous ones, and he smoked over thirty a day.

A London paper says, "Congestion of the brain, brought on by over-study," was the verdict of a coroner's jury, given last week at an inquest held on the body of a child aged three years and ten months!

Philadelphia and New York each have a manufactory of quill pens, which are said to be the only manufactories of the article in this country. The demand is decidedly small, coming principally from old lawyers and judges, but it is steadily increasing.

The French Government has ordered that all cans used for preserving fruits and meats should be of plate lined with pure tin, and should be soldered from the outside. This course is universally commended by the press, and a similar order would be a good thing here.

A young man of Crestline, Ohio, who was expected to die in a few hours, prevailed on a lady friend to marry him, although she was at the time engaged to another. The sick man did not die after all, and now the obliging wife wishes him to procure a divorce, to enable her to wed the man of her choice.

The bull-dog which remained for three months during the past season on an island below Niagara Falls, being kept alive by food thrown him from Suspension Bridge, is now being exhibited in Canada. It is said he was rescued by a boy who was lowered by a rope a distance of 250 feet, and secured the dog by another rope.

Dr. McCosh says that at Leadville he was wondering how he might go down a mine, when a gentleman in workman's dress grasped his hand, told him he had once been a Princeton student, and led the way down his own mine; and before the Doctor departed his new friend volunteered to create a fellowship at Princeton.

..RW BLOOMFIELD, Miss., Jan. 3, 1880.

I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters, and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicine that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor, but want to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after those four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean, and smooth as ever.

HENRY ENOCHS.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases of mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."
and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Relief's and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSETS.

Boned with a New Material,

called Coraline, which is vastly superior to horn or whalebone.

A REWARD OF $10

will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable, and very comfortable, and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

Price by mail for Health or Nursing Corsets, $1.50; for Coraline or Flexible Hip Corsets, $1.25.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

New Publications.

"A Short History of Art" is the title of a book by Julia de Forrest, which we can recommend to all art-lovers. The author says it is more particularly intended for the use of art-students. It is not only admirably adapted to them, but for those who wish to get an idea of art distinctions, peculiarities of schools, sketches of leading national artists, etc., there is nothing better, considering its size. In order to cover the ground laid out, everything is necessarily given in the briefest form, but care is taken to give clear and satisfactory ideas, if not just as full as we might wish. Every nation of the world, past and present, so far as regards their art history, is touched upon, while the whole is set off with hundreds of illustrations, representing the distinguishing features of the most celebrated known works, both ancient and modern. Altogether it is a valuable and entertaining book. The printing is in clear large type, and the binding superior. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

"A Prince of Breffny" is the title of a new work by Mr. Thomas P. May, of Louisiana, author of "The Earl of Mayfield." The work portrays all that is high-minded, honorable and good in our poor human nature. The hero, Alexander O'Reilly, the descendant of an ancient house, though fallen in fortune, goes forth to fight the battle of life—and with his own sturdy arm and strong will carves his way to honor and fortune. But the lovely Edith Talbot is the model of all that is pure and beautiful in woman. The attention of our American maidens must be called in particular to this character. The story is full of variety, and after showing the many vicissitudes of life, winds up as it should, making all contented and happy. It published in a large duodecimo volume, and bound in fine morocco cloth. Price, $1.50. T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city, publishers.

R. Worthington, 770 Broadway, N. Y., has sent us "Chatterbox Junior," edited by Edward Willett, Joshua Kendall, Miss Pollard, and others. It is illustrated with colored and full-page wood engravings. The publisher considers this Chatterbox Junior the best juvenile of its kind ever issued. On examining its pages, parents will be convinced that it is adapted to the understanding of our young folks. It is entertaining, and at the same time instructive; it will be a source of delight to children, and will guide their taste in the right direction. It is a book that should be in every family. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1.25.

"How is Your Man? or The Sharks of Sharkville," is a little book that just now deserves general reading. In the form of a story it vividly expresses the horrible realities of the iniquitous graveyard insurance, rampant in various parts of this State." It is not only interesting as a narrative, but useful as well. It has been written with a purpose, and well accomplishes it. Lee & Shepard, publishers, New York.

MAGAZINES.

The October *Wide Awake* is notable for the inauguration of a Reading Union for the young folks, giving a Reading Course of sixteen pages. This will be a regular feature, forming a permanent enlargement of the magazine. After the dainty autumn frontispiece and poem, the magazine opens with a charming article, "Two Bears," giving, by the way, some interesting reminiscences of Theodore Parker. The number is a decidedly interesting one. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

The contents of *The Sanitarian* for October are all of value and interest. The more prominent are: Progression of Sanitary Protection at Newport, Impure Waters, Contagious Diseases Act of Great Britain, Public Hygiene in Spain, Baked at the Crossing, Thickening Soups and Gravies, etc., etc. The departments are also well filled with matter, both timely and interesting. Bell & Co., New York, publishers. $3 a year.

The present issue of *The Century Magazine* is sent out as a supplement to the October number of Scribner's Monthly. The next number (for November) will be the first regular issue under the new name of The Century, Scribner's Illustrated Magazine. This title will continue for one year, when the name Scribner will be omitted.

The *Nursery* publishes its October number, and is as charming as ever in it. The publishers announce that it will be united with and merged in *Our Little Ones* after the coming January. Both periodicals are excellent ones, and the new combination will doubtless give the little people an ideal magazine.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine for October contains its usual fine list of contents, all of which is of the utmost interest and value to lovers of flowers. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y. $1.25 a year.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound doubtless ranks first as a curative agent in all diseases of the procreative system, degeneration of the kidneys, irritation of the bladder, urinary calculi, etc., etc. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

ONLY.

Only a pic-nic ground
Of mossy emerald hue—
Grass and flowers around;
Laughter and song are borne on the breeze,
Birds make praise in the bending trees—
Pleasure the whole day through.

Only a custard pie—
Soft as a zephyr's kiss,
Light as a maiden's sigh,
Placed on that merry pic-nic ground—
Lovers, like lambs, are straying around,
Lost in a sea of bliss.

Only a pair of pants,
White as the falling snow—
Many a maid enchants—
Wrought of costly fabric fair—
Doomed to a weird and wild despair;
Fated to deathless woe.

Only a sitting down—
Only a smothered moan—
Only a painful frown—
O snow-white pants and custard pie!
Heaven help thy mutual misery,
Since now thy charms be flown.

—BUDETTE.

Humorous.

A good name for a locomotive would be Cinder-ella.

What is the worst thing about riches? Not having any.

"Let's strip the light fantastic toe," said the chiropodist to his patient.

"One's two" is the contradictory statement a man often makes in an oyster saloon.

The lady who uses her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive tacks with is no gentleman.

"Why don't you have some style about you?" said the man who had looked along a mile of barbed fence for an entrance.

"Solaced in durance vile by the radiant smiles of connubial love." Translation—His wife went to see him in jail, where he was sent for stealing.

They asked him if he was the best man at the wedding. "No," he said; "I don't know as I was the best, but, be jabers, I was as good as any of 'em!"

Plenty of it: The Ceylon sponge fisheries are said to be nearly exhausted. Thank heaven we have an inexhaustible supply in our native barrooms.

It is a pitiful thing to hear a young lady say something tastes like moustache cosmetic, and then change color and try to look unconcerned and indifferent.

Sullivan says he likes to see a piece of court-plaster on a girl's lip or cheek. It has such an attraction for him he always wants to kiss her right on the spot.

A case of bulging brow: "What a fine protuberant forehead your baby has, Mrs. Jones! Did he get it from his father?" "No," replied Mrs. J., "he got it from a fall down stairs."

Even unto copiety: "What a splendid speaker Elder Longpulpit is," remarked Mrs. Pringle. "Don't you think he is a very pious man, Mr. Fogg?" "Oh yes," replied Fogg, "very pious—copious, in fact."

An editor wrote a head line, "A Horrible Blunder," to go over a railroad accident, but thought it was the printer's fault that it got over the account of a wedding. The editor was the man thrashed all the same.

A bad-tempered man lost his knife, and they asked him the usual question: "Do you know where you lost it?" "Why, yes," he replied, "of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places to kill time."

An old bald-headed ruffian says he don't know exactly which is the worst, love or cucumbers. He's had both, and he thinks, if his memory serves him aright, that love was rather the worst when it got the true grip on him.

How can a man name his child William? The horrid idea of the partner of his joys and sorrows presenting him with a Bill. And to have that Bill continually in the house, constantly running up and down stairs—always unsettled!

"Why did Gen. Washington cross the Delaware on the ice during the storm of an awful night?" asked a teacher of her young class in history. "I reckon," piped a small voice in answer, "it was because he wanted to get over on the other side."

Little Johnny had been caught by his aunt teasing a fly. "Johnny," said she, "supposing some great beast a thousand times bigger than yourself should tease you and eat you all up?" "I hope," said Johnny, "he feels as bad as I do when I swallow a fly."

A Connecticut pastor declined an addition of a hundred dollars to his salary, for the reason, among others, that the hardest part of his labors heretofore had been the collection of his salary, and it would kill him to try to collect a hundred dollars more.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is, that they haven't any business; and the second is that they would have no mind to mind it if they had. This kind of humanity is about as common as three meals a day.

"Isn't it heavenly?" said Miss Sillybilly to Mr. Polo. "What?" he asked. "Why, the moon." "Oh, yes, just too utterly heavenly." "Oh! I do just dote on the moon, don't you?" "Yes, it's awfully nice, isn't it, and so splendidly conspicuous, too."

"I can tell a better story than that," added the captain: "I felt pretty considerable frisky one day, and went up the lightning-rod hand over hand as high as the vane. I had a first-rate prospect up there—but that ain't all. A thunder-cloud came over, and I saw it was going to strike the steeple, so thinks I to myself if it hits me I am done up. I get ready, and when the crack came I gave one leap up, let the lightning strike and run down, and then caught hold again."

"How did you like Europe?" It's too splendid for anything!" was the reply. "And were you sick?" "Yes, awfully sick." "And was your husband good to you?" "Oh, he was too good for anything! Just as soon as he found out I was sick, he went and drank salt water so as to be sick in unison with me, and I'm not his second wife either."

A superstitious person, desiring to learn fates of the future than he already knows, visits the seventh daughter, and explains his mission. "Fifty cents, please." "Fifty cents! That's pretty steep—say twenty-five." "Rash mortal, twenty-five wouldn't pay the spirits for the labor of lifting the veil of futurity, to say nothing of the wear and tear of the veil!"

Another Candidate.

By a large majority the people of the United States have declared their faith in Kidney-Wort as a remedy for all the diseases of the kidneys and liver. Some, however, have disliked the trouble of preparing it from the dry form. For such a new candidate appears in the shape of Kidney-Wort in Liquid Form. It is very concentrated, is easily taken, and is equally efficient as the dry. Try it.—Louisville Post.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 650 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

WE call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of "THE CARPENTER ORGAN ACTION." Any one contemplating the purchase of an organ will do well to correspond with the manufacturer.

A NATURAL healthful bloom for the cheeks, a softness of the hands is attained by the use of Pearl's White Glycerine.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Diminished Vigor

is reimbursed, in a great measure, to those troubled with weak kidneys, by a judicious use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and stimulates without exciting the urinary organs. In conjunction with its influence upon them, it corrects acidity, improves appetite, and is in every way conducive to health and nerve repose. Another marked quality is its control over fever and ague, and its power of preventing it.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

"THE CARPENTER ORGAN ACTION."

"What the works are to a watch the Action is to the Organ."

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Vitale Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

Garfield Agents wanted for Life of President Garfield. A complete, faithful history from cradle to grave, by the eminent biographer, Col. Conwell. Books all ready for delivery. An elegantly illustrated volume. Endorsed edition. Liberal terms. Agents take orders for from 20 to 50 copies daily. Outsells any other book 10 to 1. Agents never made money so fast. The book sells itself. Experience not necessary. Failure unknown. All make immense profits. Private terms free. Geo. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

NEURALGIA,

Nervous Irritability, Sciatica and all painful Nervous Diseases.—A treatise by a well-known physician, a specialist on these subjects, concludes as follows: "Neuralgia is one of the most painful of diseases, and is attended with more or less nervous irritation. Sciatica is also a form of Neuralgia, and all painful nervous diseases come under that name. Neuralgia means nerve ache, and therefore you can suffer with neuralgia in any part of the body, as the nerves are supplied to every part.

"I have for many years closely studied the cause of neuralgia, and the nature of the nervous system, with the many diseases it is subject to, and have found by actual experience that the true and primary cause of neuralgia is poverty of the nervous fluid—it becomes impoverished and poor, and in some cases starved, not because the patient does not eat, but because what is eaten is not appropriated to the nervous system; there are many causes for this, but Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have in my hands proved a perfect remedy for this condition and these diseases."

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

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SKIN CURE
Is Warranted to Cure
ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.
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50 Large Advertising Cards, no two alike, complete in sets, 25c. postpaid. 100 Elegant All-Gold and Silver $1.00 postpaid. All different. ATLAS CARD CO., 119 Fulton St., New York.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

12c. "A Violet from Mother's Grave" & 40 other popular Songs. Words and music complete. Only 12c. PATTEN & CO., 6 Barclay St., N. Y.

70 ALL NEW STYLE Chromo Cards, (no 2 alike.) Name on 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

50 Lovely Moss Rose and Ass't Chromo Cards, name on 10c. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

IT PAYS to sell our Hand-Printing Rubber Stamps. Circulars free. G. A. HARPER & BRO., Cleveland, O.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00, 3 REED. J. BARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

50 Landscape, Sea-View, Album, &c. Cards in case, with name, 10c. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Ct.

Facetiæ.

A three-year-old discovered the neighbor's hens in her yard scratching. In a most indignant tone she reported to her mother that Mrs. Smith's hens were "wiping their feet on our grass."

Some one wrote to Horace Greeley, inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred butter or gravy.

A new play is being written, in which the hero is found lost and dying in a desert, chained to the bare back of a tricycle. His deliverer proves to be a princess, who marries him, and makes him captain of a base ball nine.

A Connecticut D. D. propounded and answered the following conundrum, recently: What is the difference between church bells and a church organ? The bells ring if they are tolled, but the organ will be blowed first.

A Massachusetts farmer who has cultivated an acre of onions this year, reckons that he has crawled twenty-two miles on his hands and knees weeding them. A kneesy way to get a living, but weed rather not adopt it.

An old-fashioned minister, passing a new-fashioned church on which a spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was going to be. "Not much," he answered; "that congregation don't own much higher in that direction."

Mosquitoes are large and somewhat ferocious in the Mississippi country. A man who went to look for his cow, found her skeleton on the ground, and a large mosquito on an adjacent tree picking its teeth with one of her horns. Fact!

Epitaph said to be copied from a tombstone in the cemetery of Montmartre: "Here lies Joseph X., who for twenty years after the death of his wife, lived in the society of his mother-in-law, and died in the certain hope of a better world beyond."

A minister went up to Edinburg once to prepare a harmony of the Four Gospels. "Sandy," said some one to an humble parishioner of his, "where is your pastor?" "Ah," replied Sandy, "he's gone up to Edinburg to make four men agree who never fell out."

It all depends upon the boy whether or not a father would like to have him run away from home. All the dime novels in the world cannot make a lazy, good-for-nothing boy leave the paternal roof for the uncertain circumstances of a pirate's checkered career.

Another Ohio man has just got a place. He was a postmaster who just saved the government a little by printing his own postal cards, and he has got a nice place in jail. There is no salary attached to his new position, but then nobody is trying to crowd him out.

The inhabitants of a noted fever and ague district in Illinois are said to turn their "shakes" to some account; they climb into the top of a hickory tree just as the chill comes on, and by the time the "personal earthquake" leaves them, there isn't a nut left on the tree.

England has been eight months learning how to check baggage on the American plan, and even now they can't keep a trunk hidden in the baggage-room of the station it was sent to for more than two weeks at a time, while the owner is scurrying all over the country looking for it.

They couldn't get the boy to take an emetic, anyhow. But the doctor knew boy nature. He had the boy's father forbid him to smoke, and then went and got a bootblack to propose to the boy to go out behind the barn and try the first Havana. And no emetic was needed.

"Where are ye livin' now, Moike?" "In Donegal street, number eleven. Come and see me." "Faith I will. Shall I come in by the alley or by the front dure?" "Sure an' I don't care; but as I'm occupying the garret, perhaps it would be more convaluent for ye to come in by the skky-loight."

The thermometer was still above 90 when he came in, and, taking her hand, he tenderly said: "I love you even more dearly than I told you I did last night. You were silent then; have you anything to say to me now?" "Oh, yes," she responded, with girlish impulsiveness, "let's go sit by the refrigerator."

Anybody knowing of a small boy who would not run seven blocks for a chance to ride half a square, with his stomach across the edge of a grocery-wagon tail-board, will please bring him to this office and receive the reward intended originally for the man who should bring in a new comet tied up in an old paper.

Once was the time when to be the oldest colored coachman of G. Washington was the proudest boast of the aged wanderer on the shores of time; later the race had so far deteriorated that few had a higher ambition than to be the oldest Mason; and now, alas! another and a long step has been taken in the downward course, and a wretched man actually comes forward to brag about being the oldest Congressman.

A big fat colored woman went to the Galveston chief of police and told him that her step-son had run away, and she wanted to know where he was. "It bodders me to know why he left. He had everything he needed to make him comfable. I done all I could for him," she observed. "Has he any marks by which he may be recognized?" "Well, I don't reckon all de marks I made on him wid a pot-stat has faded out yit."

On a Southern railway recently a passenger stopped the conductor, and asked: "Why don't the trains go faster?" "They run fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," said the passenger, settling himself back in his seat, "but that my friends won't come to meet me until the train arrives, and I don't want to be waiting about the station two hours."

In the days of our forefathers, when the wily red man was abroad in the land seeking whom he might scalp, it was considered perfectly proper and right for a man to carry his gun when he went for a walk on the Sabbath day, but in this late age, when the ferocious wild-duck and the carnivorous rabbit infest the woods and swamps, the gun must be taken apart and concealed under the coat, or the tongue of the scandal-monger will flop with the wildest abandon. The old land ain't what it used to be.

Hurrah for Our Side!

Many people have lost their interest in politics, and in amusements, because they are so out of sorts and run down that they cannot enjoy anything. If such persons would only be wise enough to try that celebrated remedy, Kidney-Wort, and experience its tonic and renovating effects they would soon be hurrahing with the loudest. In either dry or liquid form it is a perfect remedy for torpid liver, kidneys, or bowels.—Exchange.

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It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

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Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnell, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being blasted beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Cote of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

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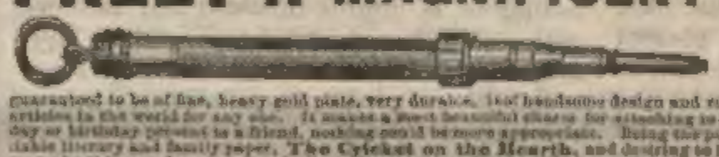

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THERE is a return to the over-dress, which, for want of a better word, we may call a polonaise. It in fact resembles a polonaise in that it forms bodice and skirt in one, but otherwise it is very different to what we have been accustomed to mean by that name. The model now in favour is open in front, rounded off at the sides into flat paniers, and looped or draped behind into a tournure. It is worn with a short round skirt, for simple costumes. A neat way of making up a costume of beige or other woolen material, for travelling or the country, is as follows: the front of the skirt covered with a deep kilting in flat not very wide pleats, and, behind, a kilted flounce. Over this a polonaise of the same material, with long open basques and paniers concealing the heading of the kilting, and draped into a narrow tournure. The bodice is buttoned straight down in front to the usual depth of a basque, then rounded off on either side to form the paniers. It is finished round the neck with a small standing up collar.

When a more dressy style is preferred the polonaise is trimmed all round with a bias band of plain or striped surah, and the skirt front is covered with pleated flounces edged with similar bias bands.

For very elegant dresses the long bodice, something between a cuirasse and a coat, apart from the skirt, is generally preferred. Much as the modern basque bodice is cut up into a hundred shapes and trimmed in a numberless variety of ways, it is simple in comparison to the skirt. The skirt is in fact such a complication of draperies and puffings, panels, lappets, flounces, flutings and ruches, that a description thereof is no easy matter.

I shall only note, therefore, that when a single skirt is worn it is more elaborate than any tunic or polonaise, being a combination of all the trimmings known in the difficult art of the *couturiere*. Thus, the middle width may be shirred, the side gores covered with narrow flounces, the back draped with flutings round the foot, and the upper part crossed with a pleated scarf fastened behind into an enormous band.

A popular model for walking costumes has the skirt covered with gathered or pleated flounces, headed with a little tunic or scarf, passing round the hips, and forming a loop bow at the back. The bodices are mostly pointed in the front, and have short basques at the back, or else have their ends hidden under the scarf.

Shaded striped muil squares are the newest kerchiefs for general wear. These come in light drab, brown, pale gray, and olive green stripes, and are pretty with black or dark-colored dresses. White dotted muil is used for more dressy kerchiefs and fichus, and is edged with the heavy Tunis lace. Straight linen bands are the newest collars; these are severe, stylish, and simple, and are not universally becoming, but are very pretty with simple dark dresses when fastened by a slender silver brooch, or else by a gold or jewelled collar-button. Dark navy blue and the paler porcelain blue percale collars are made in the same way; both polka dots and stripe of white are on these colored collars. The cuffs to match are square, and fastened by linked sleeve-buttons.

For visiting toilettes, cashmere and satin are much worn, and look exceedingly pretty in nut-brown color; the front of the skirt formed of five bouillonnes of satin, heading a band of embroidered cashmere, scalloped at the edges, and showing underneath a little ivory white lace flounce. This is quite a novel sort of trimming, and is at once stylish and original.

New fichus are of striped surah, chiefly gold and black, red and black, and light violet and black, edged all round with fringe in the same colors; others, again, a blending of cape and fichu, have a sort of collar of black satin, finely gaughed, and added to this is a wide Spanish lace scarf, with long ends tied carelessly in front, and fastened under a bouquet of roses. For evening toilette there are very lovely fichus of white Spanish lace, embroidered with small pearl beads, and edged with a fringe of similar beads of various sizes blended with white chenille.

Medicis collars are in great favor, and may be made separately from the dress or to form part of it. For wearing with a black costume, one model is of black satin lined with pink; and edged with black Spanish lace, then filled in with a ruffle of cream-colored lace; another is of cream satin, ornamented at the upper edge with pearl beads, and at the lower with cream lace embroidered and fringed with small beads of the same description.

Henry VIII. collarettes are of shaded surah formed of a straight piece about seven or eight inches wide, gathered at the neck, and filled in with a double pleating of lace, a row of which is carried all round the edge; a small bow of narrow shaded ribbon, matching the surah, forms the fastening to what is an extremely pretty and becoming addition to a simple self-colored or black toilette. Side by side with these are Elizabethan ruffles of cream lace, more or less ornamented with pearl beads, and of black lace glittering with jet or steel.

Apropos of the last-named ornamentation, the rage for it increases as the season advances. There are pretty coral fringes of steel beads for trimming dresses or chapeaux and steel leaves of every form, from the graceful maiden-hair to the shapely ivy-leaf. Bonnet crowns of black net are richly embroidered with steel beads, and lace for trimming is in every variety. Cord and tassels for girdles, or for drapery, are of black silk glittering with steel, the silk of the tassels largely blended with handsome pendants.

For slight mourning, there are caps of black satin, bordered with several rows of steel lace, and adorned with a spray of maiden-hair of steel beads, and for ordinary wear there are others with crowns composed of steel lace, with an Alsatian bow of shaded ribbon in front. Dainty little collar bows are a mixture of Indian muslin, shaded surah, and steel ornamentation, in the shape of lace, leaf, or fringe, and Pompadour sets of collar and cuffs are of cambric in small floral designs. These are very useful for wearing in travelling or at some quiet seaside resort. Breakfast sets, as they are called, consist of a prettily shaped bib and waistband with bows of shaded pink ribbon; a little cap of the same materials accompanies the apron.

A pretty traveling toilette of steel grey is cashmere de l'Inde; the skirt has a deep pleating edged by a band of satin merveilleux about 2¼ inches wide. Over this a deep redingote is worn, the edge being bordered to match the skirt, and having a deep Rassompierre collar of drawn satin. The redingote is double-breasted and fastened with a double row of buttons, rather large in size and of old silver. A steel grey straw bonnet is worn with this toilette, the plumes of which are shaded grey and fastened by an arrow of old silver.

The *John* redingote, exactly resembling a coachman's livery, is still in great favor. At the bottom of the seams of the tabs, which are joined, pockets are placed exactly in the manner one sees on the large overcoats worn by livery servants. Just at present this garment is finished by a gathered cape; but this winter a pelerine of five or seven collars will be worn in order to render the resemblance still more striking.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN FANCY WORK.

ON visiting the fancy work shops I find that the style of fancy work is gradually changing. Instead of the "crewel work" of a year or two ago, we have now conventional designs in silk, and revivals of old embroideries in cross-stitch on linen, while outline and back grounded work are becoming more and more popular.

I have seen some beautiful tablecloths of linen with borders in washing silk and in-grain cotton, copied from old German work, and the fringe being simply the threads of the linen itself, knotted with more or less intricacy, the whole will wash together. There are also some towels with borderings from Russian designs, one of which is especially good. It is a kind of double label or fillet, worked in cross stitch in red and blue, the third or cream shade requisite to produce the harmony of color being obtained by devices left in the unbleached canvas, so that it is really back-grounded embroidery of a somewhat elaborate kind. They now prepare the whole furnishings of a bedroom, toilet cover, curtains, quilt, and towels, *en suite* in this style. A baby's bib in linen canvas, with a row of little blue and red birds by way of border, would delight "baby" exceedingly, and baby's frock might be embroidered in the same design. Some good chair backs in the new fashionable Holbein embroidery were worked in washing silks on linen; and some d'oyleys in silk darned work would be very quickly and easily worked, and at the same time are both novel and effective. In darned work also I observed a chair back with a conventional design, outlined in stem-stitch with blue cotton, while the background was in fine darning in red silk.

Cross-stitch, though it has returned to favor, is now confined to the conventional patterns for which it is adapted, and we are spared the infliction of the monstrosities of roses and lilies, and the faces that looked seamed with small-pox, over which so much good sight was wasted forty years ago. They are working large designs in this stitch with knitting silk, which, washing and wearing well, is suited for tablecloths or bedroom furnishings.

Among other things were some chair backs in a different style. The designs are large flowers, beautifully drawn and shaded, embroidered on China grass cloth with washing silks, and they recall the beautiful work of the last century. The same designs are also worked on plush with good effect. There are many chair backs, borders, and cushions, copied from real old Syrian work, in old-gold colored silk on linen and muslin which are effective, and much more really artistic than much of what goes under that abused name. Spanish lace, outlined in colored silk, is a novelty for trimming, and a parasol edged with it in red on black is a gay welcome change from the somewhat wearing painted covers. So many inquiries reach us on the subject of slippers that our readers may be glad to know that there is a great variety of these, from elaborate and dainty "Point Russe," in colored silks on satin, to inexpensive but durable cross-stitch on canvas, and some large patterns on coarse Java canvas, intended to be sewn to straw soles and used for bath slippers.

Among the novelties is Cretan work. They show some conventional designs in the real Cretan blue, worked on linen in double herring-bone stitch, and a quaint one of many colors—birds, figures, and imaginary flowers—which it would be very amusing to work. The term "Cretan embroidery" is also applied to a very effective kind of work. It is the embroidering with silk in simple long stitch, of any pattern already printed or woven on the fabric, thus making it so entirely different in appearance as to be not recognisable. A square of gold tissue was embroidered in colors to form a splendid sachet, and another of pale heliotrope silk, with a broche pattern of carnations, had the flowers embroidered in different colors. A broche silk dress, of plain and embroidered material in combination, would almost rival the brocades of our great-grandmothers. The work is applicable equally to cretonne, or any other patterned material; and it is a most useful and ornamental way of utilising odd pieces, which can thus be converted into cushions, sachets, or borders. We saw a grey checked silk handkerchief that had been entirely Metamorphosed by a bright little spray having been worked in the centre of each square.

A novelty promised in the winter is a specialty for edging the pieces or bordering, or joining squares, appliqué, or any other material, in an inch wide linen canvas worked in cross-stitch, and buttonholed at the edge in appropriate colors, called "The Queen Anne Beading." It will be most useful for a variety of purposes, for which a beading of this kind has long been wanted.

"Clueny guipure" is so pretty that it should never go out of fashion; those who have squares which they wish to utilise may be glad to know of an appropriate way of doing so. It is to join them by bands of linen, with a row of drawn work above the hem, the width being, of course, matter of individual taste. I saw a quilt which originally had bands of blue satin in this style, and the whole is now to be lined with blue satin to show the designs. Lace work also has almost disappeared; but we wished it revived on seeing some lace intended for mantel-shelves and borderings, and suited also for trimming dresses of *les grosses etoffes*; the designs were copied from Venetian and Spanish point, and carried out in linen braid edged with cord.

Decorations for the fronts and the backs of pianos are now eagerly sought for; and a pretty and appropriate one, either for outline work, colored crewel or silk embroidery, or painting on satin, for the front of a piano, is called "The Marriage Festival"—a procession, headed by musicians, passing along the way to a church seen in the valley at a distance. To the left are two lovers, thinking probably of the realisation of their own dream as they watch the bridegroom and the pretty downcast bride. Large figures in either style are also prepared for the back. Another design for a piano front is Apollo learning from Pan for the back of which a large design of reeds would be appropriate.

In another kind of work some children's garments in knitting and crochet are useful, and mothers who are thinking of how to dress their babies for the approaching winter may like to know of little frocks in very fine knitting, which have the merit of being both warm and washable.

At the various art rooms, much beautiful work is always to be seen; and at present a magnificent set of fireplace furnishings is on view in one. Speaking of them reminds me of some superb ones I saw recently. The mantel valance and curtains are of two colors of plush, the ground being of peacock blue, on which is applique old-gold, in a design of mediæval birds and flowers. The applique plush is slightly raised and puffed, the puffings are confined at different places to represent scales or petals, which also edge the whole design, by silk cord of the same color. Another set of valance and curtains is on dark red plush with the design in the outline work in old-gold. Some curtains on pale blue have an outline of conventional cherries and leaves, in gold color and olive-green. A cane newspaper rack has the sides of plush, embroidered with tulips in shades of cane color, the effect of which is very good indeed. Of the back-grounded work which the Society almost makes a speciality, there are many admirable specimens, in curtain borders, chair backs, etc. One of the most beautiful designs we know in another style of work is myrtle, covering a panel of black satin, which may be used for a screen or the door of a cabinet. There are two cushions, applique on velvet, which are copies from old Italian work, one in the beautiful Renaissance scrolls, in brick stitch, and the other in "long and short stitch," which has the merit of being applique with the same.

Correspondence.

W., (Allegan, Mich.)—The word "Targum" means the Chaldee paraphrase of the Old Testament.

J. N., (Shenandoah, Pa.)—The meaning of the Welsh word, "Cariead," we believe, is love, charity, lover, or sweetheart.

HISTORICUS, (Cambridge, Mass.)—Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, is buried in Laurel Hill cemetery, Philadelphia. 2. Commodore Decatur was killed in a duel.

CORRUS, (Caledonia, Vt.)—A *prie-dieu* is a low-seated, high-back chair, used in Roman Catholic churches on which the worshipper either sits or kneels, as it will answer either purpose.

T. F., (Jackson, Mo.)—When Members of Congress, instead of recording their votes, pair off, nothing is gained or lost by either party, because the political views of each pair are different.

HOPE, (Warren, N. J.)—If you are willing to undertake the management of a house, or to work as housekeeper, and if moderately clever, you will find a ready labor-market in this city or New York.

SOOTHSAYER, (Memphis, Tenn.)—It is impossible to get a thorough understanding of your inquiry from your letter. State the case more fully, and we will then endeavor to give you the desired information.

KOLA, (Surry, N. C.)—We think such a restriction very absurd. Young girls who have nice hair look extremely well with the hair down the back. We presume that your schoolmistress is one of the very "old fashioned school."

PEN, (Howard Mo.)—In writing for the press, legibility is the main point. It saves a great deal of trouble, both to the compositor and the corrector of the proofs. Some authors write so badly that it is with difficulty that they can make out their own scrawl.

MRS. LE V., (Mills, Ia.)—Although the cuckoo does not build a nest for herself, it has been observed by some ornithologists that she always chooses the nests of such birds only as feed on the same kind of food as herself, to lay her eggs in, and not indiscriminately.

GERTIE, (Heislerville, N. J.)—Promiscuous kissing is not right. Why should not every young lady keep her pretty soft lips to herself, or for one whom she truly loves? Kisses that are to be had for nothing are worth nothing; the very thought of them is to a manly man offensive.

PHILIP, (Wayne, Ill.)—The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," first collected by M. Galland, and published by him in a French translation in 1704, are of unknown authorship. The work is a collection of Eastern stories, which from time to time have been added to by editors and others.

FREES, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Other heads are as full of such troubles as yours. Don't grumble, think kindly of all around you and try to work, and look with contempt on the praise often unwisely given, and the appreciation of the world, too often carelessly bestowed. You will have enough of that when you have ceased to care for I

HELEN, (Shelby, Ky.)—Too much "sensitiveness" may amount to a disease. A course of careful dieting, cold bathing, and open-air exercise, may remove it. But as a rule, people are not sensitive enough; that is, they do not give way to many holy and good emotions which pass through their souls.

WETZEL, (Carroll, Ga.)—Dryads, in the Heathen mythology, are deities or nymphs, which the ancients thought inhabited groves and woods. They differed from the Hamadryads, these latter being attached to some particular tree with which they were born, and with which they died; whereas the Dryads were goddesses of trees and woods in general.

RICHARD, (Wright, Minn.)—We feel the responsibility of declining, and, after weighing all things, we think you are at least bound to hear any explanation that can be given. If your affections are deeply engaged and the explanation is satisfactory, you know what to do. If not, read the lady a moral lecture and leave her. In the other alternative you had better put the lady "on probation" for six months.

READER, (Boston, Mass.)—Quirites, (probably from quiris, the Sabine name for a spear), was the collective name of the Romans in their civil relations, while in their military and political capacity they were known as Romani. The title dates back to the time of Romulus, when a large part of the Sabines having united themselves with the Romans, out of compliment to them the Roman citizens were given the Sabine name of Quirites.

JUSTUS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"The Song of the Cane" you refer to is nothing better than a heavy parody on Hood's "Song of the Shirt." We give the first four and last lines as an example—

"With frown so gloomy and grim,
And words that hope destroy,
A man stood there in unmanly rage
Cruelly thrashing a boy,"

Instead of "Stitch, stitch, stitch," the burden is "Whack, whack, whack." It appears to have been written, feelingly enough, by some schoolboy.

SIDNEY A., (Vinton, O.)—Learn to draw by all means; but do so, first, by going to some drawing-master, and being put in the right way. Learn to draw straight lines, curves, angles; educate your fingers and your eyes. Take a dozen leaves of various trees—oak, elm, fir, maple, etc.—study each leaf, and learn to distinguish form and the diversities of forms accurately. Then try to represent these on paper. When your skill, self-taught (and all clever men must in a great degree be self-taught) is fairly developed, then join a class. Many "schools" are by far too advanced for anyone to learn the mere alphabet of art; but having acquired the rudiments, they are admirably adapted for progressive education.

PERPLEXITY, (Austin, Tex.)—You are evidently deeply in love, and of an age to choose for yourself. We do not like the story of previous dissipation in the young gentleman with the frank and genial smile. Wild oats are not easily eradicated; and all know that when weeds once get ahead and grow vigorously in a farm they are hard to root out. So it is with that little farm the human heart. However, as you have condoned all this, and accepted the genial smiler, we advise you to marry him, to make him a good wife, to set an ideal of purity, honor, cheerfulness, willingness, and religion before him, and you will be happy. Never mind the relations; you are quite old enough to take your own counsel.